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The Week

THE first day of the Senatorial investigation of the recent Illinois primary produced some startling information. It is already admitted that Frank L. Smith, the successful candidate for the Republican nomination, spent $253,000. Senator McKinley whom he defeated has conceded the expenditure of $260,000. Each man therefore spent at least 20 percent more than Truman H. Newberry gave for the seat in the Senate which he was not allowed to occupy. Samuel Insull, the public utility magnate, was the chief contributor to the Smith war chest. He gave $125,000 plus an additional $33,000 for a special anti-World Court fight. Mr. Insull was also the chief donor to the campaign fund of the Democratic nominee, the Chicago boss, George Brennan. He contributed three-quarters of Mr. Brennan's total of $20,000. This is known as playing both ends against the middle, though it must be conceded that Mr. Insull was somewhat unfair in the relative proportions of his gifts. Whether even the staggering and outrageous total of half a million dollars really represents the sum spent by the Republicans, time no doubt will tell. It is worth remembering that in Pennsylvania the first admissions were of rather modest amounts and only by hard digging did the committee at last unearth the expenditure of almost three millions.

POINCARE'S coalition cabinet offers more hope for French finances than any that has been in office since the Armistice. This is so because, including as it does the chief party leaders both to the right and the left of the centre, supported by a majority of the Deputies who at last seem to be badly enough frightened to accept unpleasant measures, it has as much political power as any Parliamentary government could hope to muster. And sturdiness any French government must have to maintain the prestige of the Republic while assuming responsibility either for the painful consequences of saving the franc, if that is possible, or for establishing a new currency when the franc finally sinks. Saving the franc at this late day would involve such unpopular measures as higher taxes, especially indirect taxes, which bear heaviest on the poor, dismissing and under-paying public employes, a moratorium and a reduction of the interest rate on the widely held internal debt, and a limited deflation which would injure both the business and working classes. The sacrifices which all classes would thus have to make would undoubtedly cause profound discontent which might easily be utilized against any bourgeois government by the Socialists and Communists, who are not supporting Poincaré, or even by the Royalists on the extreme right. But the painfulness of saving the franc would be exceeded, as far as the bulk of the nation is concerned, by the painfulness of losing it. This would mean a complete wiping out of the savings invested in bonds and mortgages—which are held in France not merely by the middle classes but by many peasants and workers—and a prolonged industrial depression.

FROM the preliminary reports of Poincaré's financial program it seems to be sound so far as it goes, but probably inadequate. He is reported to be seeking a real balance of governmental receipts and

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expenditures rather than depending on foreign loans. He probably will not try to force ratification of the war debt agreements for the sake of the doubtful privilege of borrowing more money in London and New York. All that is to the good. He hopes to raise between four and five billion more francs in governmental revenue. He probably cannot do it, and even if he does, it probably will not be enough. It is reported that he will seek neither a moratorium for the public debt nor a consolidation of it which would reduce the interest rate. If that is so, how can he possibly find the money to meet his August payments without more inflation, to say nothing of permanently balancing the budget? Meanwhile the liberals of the world are justified in ceasing to fear a revival of aggressive nationalism under Poincaré. For this confidence there are two sufficient reasons—the presence of Briand in the foreign ministry and of Painlevé in the war ministry, and Poincaré's own difficult fiscal problem.

THOSE who care for the good name of America have far better cause to disapprove the report of us borne abroad by some of our tourists than have the French populace to mob them. In spite of their lack of taste and consideration, American tourists to France carry money into the country and help in a small way to support the exchange while they profit from its fall, because they are continually buying large amounts of francs with dollars. To discourage their coming hurts French finance rather than helps it. But anyone who has been in Paris in recent years must have sympathy with the resentment against those travelers who blatantly gloat in the superior value of our currency—as some have done recently even by pasting French bank notes on their luggage—who search out all the dives and lobster palaces maintained largely for their benefit and then come back with shocked stories of Parisian immorality, who boast that it was we who won the War, who denounce the French for stinginess in not wanting to pay their debts, who offend traditions and sensibilities in countless ways. Of course those who do these things are merely the conspicuous minority. But the majority also cannot fail to bear some of the stigma which attaches to the effort of our government to collect a war debt which will prove to be a burden for years to come.

IT is war to the hilt between Church and State in Mexico. Thirty-seven Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops in that country have issued a joint letter of instruction to the clergy and communicants, ordering all church services involving the presence of a priest suspended until further notice. "Heavy canonical penalties" are threatened against those who "give information against the clergy or sacred property." These penalties "may" include excommunication, which is also threatened against

> those who issue laws, regulations or decrees against the rights and liberties of the Church . . . those who prevent the exercise of religious jurisdiction . . . those who dare to bring a Bishop before a laical court . . . those giving their names to Masonry or similar sects.

Fathers of sons have it "imposed on their conscience" not to let their boys attend secular schools. Since the parochial schools are prohibited, this seems to mean that Catholic boys will receive no instruction for the present. No mention is made of girls. The letter speaks with restrained bitterness of the newly enforced Mexican laws as injuring the "divine rights of the Church" and says that these laws make criminal offenses of acts which are "ordered or advised by God."

MEANWHILE, preparations are under way for the great Catholic boycott which will be in progress by the time this issue of the New Republic is in the hands of its readers. Members of the Church will refrain, so far as possible, from every social and economic activity. They will buy nothing, go nowhere, abstain from all amusements. President Calles declares that the boycott will have little effect upon the business of the country and he is probably right. The great strength of the Church is among the poor peons; it is reliably estimated that only about 10 percent of the upper class is Catholic. As sheer human drama, the Mexican struggle has had few parallels in recent years. We are more concerned, however, with the tragic situation of millions of Mexicans who are both good Catholics and good citizens and find themselves in a dilemma where it is seemingly impossible for them to be the one without sacrificing the other.

OF ALL the tributes to George Bernard Shaw on his seventieth birthday, we like that of the British government best. For the government obligingly made a most colossal fool of itself on the eve of the banquet in his honor and thereby provided him with a magnificent text for his speech. It refused to let his address be broadcast by radio unless he would promise in advance that it would contain no controversial matter. This proves, unlikely as it may seem, that the goverment officials in charge of radio had never heard of Mr. Shaw; for if they had, they would know that a speech without controversy is as impossible from his lips as it is that an eruption of lava from Vesuvius should not be hot. The government won; and many millions of listeners-in throughout Europe missed one of the few opportunities they have ever had to hear a speech really worth hearing. He was happiest perhaps in his description of the function of a properly-organized society:

> The first problem of distribution is distribution to every baby. It must have a better income than anybody else's income if the new generation is to be a first-class generation, yet a baby has no morals, no

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> character, no industry. It hasn't even common decency. And it is to that abandoned person that the first duty of government is due.

Perhaps the government was right after all in applying its censorship, idiotic as its action appears. Common sense so magnificent as this, if it once got to the ears of any great number of Englishmen accustomed to hearing from Winston Churchill and his ilk, might indeed provoke a revolution.

FARMERS especially should note the figures of foreign trade for the first quarter of 1926 as reported by the United States Chamber of Commerce. As Europe is beginning to pay her debts to us and we are ceasing to lend more than she pays, exports are falling off—they were 11.5 percent below the same quarter of 1925. Our chief export, raw cotton, declined in volume 30 percent and in value 42 percent. Among the other commodities showing the greatest decline either by quantity or value were wheat, wheat flour, hams and shoulders, oil cake and oil cake meal, hides and skins, barley, rye, barley malt, bacon, sugar. The only agricultural products showing marked increases either by quantity or value were fresh apples, corn and its products, and eggs. On the other hand, many manufactured articles registered increases, including iron and steel, automobiles, machinery of numerous kinds, locomotives, electric products. It would be a hardy person who would maintain that the presence or absence of a tariff in any case materially affected this result. What is happening is that as the balance of international payments due to foreign debts and investments begins to drift into this country, those exporting industries which are in the weakest competitive situation suffer, and agriculture in general is such an industry. Yet we see the midwestern Congressmen and Senators complaining because the administration has not induced Europe to promise us more!

THE Des Moines agricultural conference added nothing essentially new to the corn belt program. It reiterated support for the export machinery embodied successively in the McNary-Haugen, Dickinson and Haugen bills, declared for either effective tariff protection for farmers or tariff for nobody, denounced Secretary Mellon's opposition to the export plan as part of a policy to subordinate agriculture to industry, and laid renewed plans to engage the support of the cotton states for the export program. Minor attention was paid to coöperation and eliminating waste in distribution—a measure which, it was said, would prevent higher farm prices from injuring the consumer. The political drift of affairs was evidenced in the subsequent Iowa state Republican convention, which combined a mild endorsement of the Coolidge administration for everything except its farm policy with severe criticism of Secretaries Jardine, Hoover and Mellon for their opposition to the Haugen bill and an outburst of approval for ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois. It may be inferred from all this that the farm bloc will angle for Southern Democratic support in pressing the export measure and then attempt to convert the Republican party to its pet reform by boosting Lowden for President.

THE political career of "Ma" Ferguson is ended. In the Texas primary she has been so overwhelmingly defeated by Attorney General Dan Moody that she has promised to resign from office at the close of the special legislative session which begins Sept. 13. Thus ends a sordid and humiliating chapter in Texas politics. When Mrs. Ferguson was elected the country at first hailed her as a pioneer who was establishing a valuable precedent. Presently it was discovered, however, that she in no sense deserved her high office; that she was but a rubber stamp for her husband, ex-Governor "Jim," a politician of more than dubious reputation who had lost his citizenship through being sentenced to prison and therefore could not be a candidate for office in his own name. Feminists have complained, and with justice, that the "Ma" Ferguson episode has hurt their cause. It will for years be more difficult for women to be elected to office anywhere in this country because of the subterfuge to which this Texas housewife was a party.

COLONEL Carmi Thompson, President Coolidge's personal representative investigating conditions in the Philippines, continues to do everything except investigate. He evidently went to the islands with his mind fully made up as to what is needed, and from the moment of landing he has spared no opportunity to express himself. What is needed is rubber and lots of it. The islands must repeal existing legislation forbidding large plantations. They must import coolie laborers by the hundred thousand. They must guarantee the safety of the investment, which is all to be American. We can understand Colonel Thompson's argument. We are only puzzled to know why he took the trouble to go to the Philippines to utter it when he might as well have done so from Akron.

THE appointment of Colonel Thompson must be written down as one of Mr. Coolidge's gravest political indiscretions. Thompson is one of the members of the famous Ohio Gang whose other members included such illustrious leaders as the Daugherty brothers, Jesse Smith and Howard Manington. He was for years a loyal henchman and admirer of George B. Cox, the notorious Cincinnati boss, as shamelessly corrupt a leader of machine politics as America has ever seen. Colonel Thompson's present investigating mission reminds us that on a previous occasion he played a famous part in a similar enterprise. When Cincinnati politics got so rotten that the stench was in the nostrils of the whole country, the Ohio state legislature

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passed a resolution authorizing an investigating committee. Thompson was Speaker of the House, and the person delegated to name the personnel of this body. When his list of appointees was made public it included one man so notoriously hand in glove with the crooked politicians who were to be investigated that a howl of protest arose. The state had heard of "setting a thief to catch a thief" but not of letting the same man play both rôles. The State Senate refused to accept the nominees, and created a new committee of its own to do the work. These and other facts about Colonel Thompson must have been known to President Coolidge when he made the present appointment and thereby paid one of the political debts of his predecessor.

AT THE meeting of the International Miners' Federation last week it was admitted that the Soviet government of Russia had contributed $2,100,000 to the relief fund for the striking British coal miners. We feel that the miners made a grave mistake in accepting this money. They have an excellent case, so excellent that they have received sympathy and assistance from all classes both in England and elsewhere. The donation from Russia will dry up other sources of assistance and will inject into the fight an unjustified and highly undesirable issue of revolution. Everyone knows that the Russian government has no belief in improving the plight of starving miners short of revolution. Russia is trying to bring about the collapse of the capitalistic system in England as everywhere else, and the substitution of a revolutionary communist régime. We do not feel there is any serious chance that the effort will be successful; but the miners would have been well advised if they had followed the example of the Trade Union Congress in the late general strike and refused a contribution so gravely compromising to their cause.

WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON, American Minister to Rumania, was slapped in the face the other day. In descending from a train in Bessarabia he accidentally jostled a Rumanian army officer who proceeded to rebuke this presumptuous civilian in the natural and proper manner. Mr. Culbertson is lucky that the offended militarist did not shoot him. The officers of the Rumanian army are trying hard for the world's record in arrogance and cruelty formerly held by the Prussians. Not long ago we told in these pages of the achievement of one of these gentry, also in Bessarabia, who shot scores of innocent peasants in that region and tortured others to death with sadistic refinements of cruelty. Yet this precious scoundrel had only to explain that he was a good 100 percent Rumanian patriot, on guard against Bolshevism, to be triumphantly acquitted in court—an achievement in chauvinism which even our own superheated patriots must look upon with respect.

Behind the Debt Controversy

IT WAS incomprehensible to most citizens of the United States, if they noticed it at all, that London dailies should print caricatures of Uncle Sam in the garb of Shylock and tourists should be mobbed in the streets of Paris, while secretaries and under-secretaries of the several treasuries indulged in a public controversy which for a time seemed to be progressing rapidly from the retort courteous to the lie direct. What is perhaps more disturbing than the excitement about us in Europe is the innocent complacency of the usual American. His attitude is probably represented accurately by the cartoonist of the New York Herald-Tribune, who pictures Uncle Sam sitting comfortably in the prosperity of his garden; over the fence the poor urchins of the neighborhood are hooting at him while he exclaims, "What Have I Done Now?"

So complete a difference, not merely in interest and emotion, but also in understanding, demands interpretation based on something more than the details of treasury transactions or the use of borrowed money. It is fruitless for Secretary Mellon and his supporters to talk as if proof that much of the credit extended to Great Britain was used to buy meat or to peg the exchange instead of to purchase guns and powder would lessen her irritation with us. It is downright stupid to believe that Frenchmen will think better of us if they are once convinced that the huge sums their representatives have promised to pay the United States constitute a funding of the post-armistice, but not the pre-armistice debt. The demonstrations of European annoyance are equally powerless on American opinion. The widening rift between the United States as creditor and Europe as debtor has greater historic implications than this. It cannot be bridged without a rude and painful penetration into the assumptions of the past, without a revaluation of war myths which are still superstitiously revered. Whether the intelligence and conscience of the parties to the controversy are equal to this task will largely determine what their relations will be in the future.

The tap root of the misunderstanding lies in the deception which was practiced in all nations during the War, and in the false hopes of those who were responsible for the deception. The outlines of the myth they built up are readily sketched. Germany solely willed the War. She was the militarist, the imperialist, the aggressor, the treaty-scrapper. Not until she was punished would the world be safe for peace, safe for civilization, safe for democracy. Her punishment would take the form, first of complete military defeat, second of annexations and indemnities for her European enemies. The annexations were logically demanded by the principle of nationality; after them the world would be better organized. The indemnities would reimburse the

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Allies financially for the sacrifices they were making. For all these reasons it was imperative to push the War to a conclusive victory.

Ninety Americans out of a hundred were so emotionally convinced of these contentions, before the War was over, that the myth has now become well-nigh ineradicable. Many were so convinced of them that they regretted that the fighting ended before the Allies had occupied Berlin. But with this belief in a solely guilty people went a peculiar emphasis upon isolationism. Since the trouble had all been due to a single criminal nation, the duties of the United States ended when that nation was crushed. We had fought, not only in behalf of the world, but in our own selfish behalf. We had delivered the final blow which ended the menace. With the signing of the Armistice we had done our bit and could withdraw from the disagreeable business, to leave Europe alone in the future. When concord did not arrive immediately after the peace and it was seen that the European peoples kept on being embroiled internally and externally, we became contemptuous of the folly which had not profited from so glorious a victory. All the more reason existed for withdrawal. Our self-sufficiency became pharisaical. The currency troubles and the industrial depressions of Europe seemed the result of recent "politics" rather than anything deeper.

What more natural in these circumstances than that we should expect our war loans to the Allies to be paid? When they were extended, there was no hint that the governments incurring them were not fully solvent, that they did not expect to pay, or that they would not be even richer after the victory was consolidated. We had fought to make Germany bear the cost of the War, and the treaty had embodied her promise to do so. The Allied governments kept on insisting that Germany could and should pay. Why should not nations which expected to be thus indemnified, and which in addition had been enriched by accessions of territory, meet their obligations to us who had gained nothing in money or land?

Analyses by economists showing that Germany could not pay in full and that the attempt to make her do so would be disastrous were widely denounced in the United States as pro-Germanism. The extent to which eventually the Dawes plan cut down the original German obligations has never been emphasized by popular organs of opinion in this country, and the impression is still being maintained that she will meet the payments stipulated by the plan. Once it were admitted that Germany could not pay, one of the cherished war myths for which many Americans gave and more risked their lives would disappear. We have a vested emotional interest in the costly victory and the indemnity, which is difficult to destroy.

If the figures of the economists concerning defeated Germany fell on deaf ears, what chance is there for belief of their moderate cautions about Allied ability to pay? In the circumstances, the attitude of French and British opponents of the debt settlements seems to the thoroughly propagandized American like nothing more respectable than the annoyance of a debtor who borrows gladly but pays reluctantly. A little firmness on our part seems all that is necessary and, it is felt, will make us more respected.

If this bundle of beliefs had been true, the conclusion doubtless would be true. A prosperous Europe, which had recouped the cost of the conflict from her defeated enemy, would probably offer little real objection to the payment of her debt to us. But certain of the more disagreeable results of the truth have been forced on the attention of the Allies as they have not been on us. The new map of Europe has hindered, not brought prosperity. The doctrine of nationality, manipulated by the traditional power-politics of military security, is inconsistent with economic requirements. One nation cannot long prosper at the expense of another. Germany has paid comparatively little and will not be able to expunge the war debts of the Allies. This being the case, their treasuries could not achieve solvency if they admitted full obligations to the United States, and in some cases could not achieve it at all. The cost of a complete victory over Germany has turned out to be crushing, both in taxation and general economic derangement.

In their present distress the Allied peoples are acutely conscious that their miseries, which are attributable to the War and the war after the War, are being increased by the demand of prosperous America for payment of the debts. Their resentment is natural, as long as they believe that for nearly three years they fought the battle of the United States as well as their own, as long as they remember that they sacrificed far more than we in life and treasure, that the money they borrowed from our government was largely spent to buy supplies from us. We can afford to be generous, and the fact that we are not means only that we are using our advantageous situation to extract blood-money from our former associates and defenders.

What is the solvent for this bitter misunderstanding? Nothing less than a mutual admission of grave error and miscalculation. An abandonment of the theory, now proved mistaken by careful historical scholars, that responsibility for the War lies with a single criminal nation. An abandonment of the companion theory that the world could save itself by punishing her. A penitent realization that the War was a universal calamity, which Allied statesmen helped to bring on, and for which a general ignorance, pride, prejudice and ineptitude were at bottom responsible. A confession that peace without victory might have been more salutary, that in terms of human happiness as well as of justice the conclusive defeat of Germany was not worth

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what it cost. An acknowledgment by America that she does not constitute a chosen people, blessed by God with the good things of earth because of her unique virtue. A resolution to coöperate in building better by wiping the slate clean of old debts and hostilities and using the loss as an added incentive for avoiding new causes of war.

Are the peoples of the world capable of this confession? Will they be permitted to receive the understanding upon which it must be based, and to act upon it, by those whose integrity has been staked on the righteousness of every official attitude in the War? It seems almost too much to hope so. Yet without such a cleansing revision, old causes of war twist obscurely into new ones, and prepare to plague us.

Worker Substitutes for Owner

IN the article by O. S. Beyer, Jr. in this issue of the New Republic on union-management cooperation on the railroads there appears a lead which should not be lost. The committees of the union exert a pressure on management for greater efficiency, says Mr. Beyer, which may offer a substitute for the stimulus supposed by tradition to be furnished by the owner, but now lost in the wide distribution of stockholdings.

It will be remembered that in discussing the objections of Prof. W. Z. Ripley and others to the separation of owners from management implied in holding companies, "popular ownership," non-voting stock and the like, we expressed a doubt whether it would be possible in any real sense to restore to the owner control over large corporate business. Publicity for accounts and operating statistics as suggested by Professor Ripley already exists in the case of railroads, but who will aver that such publicity stirs the hundreds of thousands of small absentee owners of shares in large railroad systems to exert any influence on their managements—except, once in a great while, in some crisis? Even supposing such interest could be organized, would it be salutary to have political campaigns for the election of directors carried on among the many who have no intimate knowledge of railroading? That is a far cry from the intelligent, continuous interest in a business supposed by traditional economic theory to be exerted by the active owner, who is stimulated by his risk of loss and chance of profit to see that his undertaking runs well.

Obviously we must look for new incentives for management to replace the old "profit motive." In the railroads the public has a protection in the matter through the existence of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which has some power over efficiency of operation. The great elaboration of operating statistics also furnishes the possibility of a series of standards for management which may aid the operation of its natural desire to do a good job. But the Interstate Commerce Commission, though of course more expert than the absentee owners, shares with them one disability—it can act only in a negative way and after the fact. Its oversight over matters of efficiency is not administrative and continuous. Furthermore it shares not only with the owners but also with the chief executives themselves the natural disadvantages, inherent in any large undertaking, of remoteness from the job, incapacity to attend constantly to a highly varied mass of detail, necessary dependence on subordinates. It is this very size which necessitates routine, and routine in turn fosters bureaucracy and "red tape." Experts in management who have worked both in large private corporations and in large governmental organizations testify that there is little to choose between them as to bureaucracy and "politics"; both these blights on efficiency are a function of mere size, irrespective of whether the title to the property is held by the people as a whole or a few hundred thousand stockholders.

The public may of course rely to some extent on the character, the education, the natural interest and the desire for promotion of subordinate executives. If it were not for these elements—which, be it noted, are scarcely if at all dependent on the profit incentive in the old risk-bearing sense—big business would long ago have foundered through sheer unwieldy mass. But at best these form a one-legged support. There has been no way to buttress them, to check them up, to give management the stimulus of contact with a different point of view and a different interest. We had to take them on faith.

Union-management coöperation seems to furnish just the necessary check on management, especially on subordinate management. The wage-earners have been converted to the faith that they have a real interest in efficiency—an interest much more tangible than that of management itself. With this they combine intimate knowledge of the job—a kind of knowledge to which in many respects even management cannot lay claim. This interest and this knowledge are regularly and automatically brought to bear at local shop points, and so on up the line. No part of the administrative machinery escapes the scrutiny and pressure of the union. A new "prime mover," to borrow an expression from mechanics, has been brought into the situation. This may indeed furnish in large-scale industry a substitute for the old-fashioned small managing owner, omnipresent and argus-eyed.

If this technique as worked out in the railroad industry continues to achieve results, the books on economic theory may have to be rewritten. The old function of the enterpriser, they will say, has virtually disappeared. Capital may be obtained merely by hiring it for a fixed and guaranteed wage. There are no longer any risk-bearing profit-seeking

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owners of industry in the old sense, at least in established large-scale industry. The function of the profit-incentive exists no longer. For efficiency of operation the public depends, not on private enterprise, but on a triangle of forces—trained and conscientious management, public regulation with adequate standards of performance, and the enterprise of organized labor—owner of the job—seeking its ends through better service.

The South "Goes Republican"

THE section of the United States which is changing more rapidly and more profoundly than any other is the South. These changes have as yet been given little attention north of the Mason and Dixon line; yet they are of great importance not only to Southerners, but to the nation as a whole. The present increase in population is comparable only to that which began in the West in the eighties of the last century. Wealth is also increasing, at an even faster rate, due to the changing economic character of the region.

Chief among these changes is of course the development of the textile industry. Cotton mills have sprung up, particularly in the Carolinas, in recent years, with great rapidity. One of the chief reasons for the growth in this region has been the proximity to the raw material supply. It is also argued that labor is cheaper there than in New England, though it is questionable whether this is true when the cost of company housing and other semi-paternalistic enterprises necessary in the South is added to what goes into the pay envelope. Finally, it is claimed that the Southern labor is easier to handle, being still unorganized. This is more or less true at present, though the condition is undoubtedly one which will not last.

Another important development is hydro-electric power. The swift and turbulent Southern rivers offer sites for power dams, of which those at Muscle Shoals are the best-known example, capable in the aggregate of producing millions of horse power. These sites are rapidly being utilized; already they are of large economic importance, and when fully in use they will make the South a manufacturing region potentially as important as the Northeast. Side by side with this growth is coming an iron and steel industry, centring in Birmingham, Ala., a city which has increased from 35,000 population to 250,000 in the last quarter of a century.

The growing and processing of tobacco is another industry which is developing at a rapid rate. Whether because of the War, increased use of cigarettes by women or other reasons, the consumption of tobacco is expanding enormously, to the great profit of Southern planters and factory owners.

Not the least important aspect of the recent development is the tourist trade. While the Florida boom has had the lion's share of publicity, nearly every Southern state has participated in the golden tide which the visitors bring with them. North Carolina has spent $50,000,000 in the past two decades on new winter and summer resorts, and is earning a handsome profit on the investment. In New Orleans, taking winter boarders is a flourishing industry as it is in hundreds of other communities on both the Gulf and Atlantic sides, all the way from Galveston to Old Point Comfort. While most of the visitors are only blizzard-dodgers, others bring their lares and penates and settle down to grow up with the country. The collapse of Florida will prove only a temporary check to this process. Some of the newcomers are men of great wealth, lured not only by climate and boom conditions but by the absence of state inheritance and income taxes—a condition which in some commonwealths is guaranteed to be perpetual.

With the tourists have come good roads. The whole South is feverishly engaged in constructing automobile boulevards, both for through and local traffic. North Carolina, for example, has expended $100,000,000 in four years for this purpose. These roads are having an important effect upon the population of the South, 80 percent of which is rural. The isolated Georgia "cracker" and his brothers in other states—illiterate, poverty-stricken, disease-ridden and pious—are being shaken out of their ruts, to their great improvement. In education the South, by the confession of its own leaders, is a generation behind the rest of the country. Some of its new-found prosperity is being used in an effort to catch up.

The process will of course take a long time. Frank R. Kent, an editor of the Baltimore Sun and a shrewd observer of the American scene, recently traveled widely through the South studying conditions. He reports that all but a tiny minority of the people are still about where they were, intellectually and socially, fifty years ago. They are almost unanimously Protestant—in some states the Roman Catholics are outnumbered 250 to 1. They are far more rigidly Fundamentalist than the population in any other part of the country. The problem of the Negro remains virtually unchanged. The fact that liquor is readily obtainable in any part of the South, and that much drinking goes on, does not deter the white population from its loyalty to prohibition.

The general attitude of the Southern majority was strongly reflected in Democratic party politics in 1924, as it doubtless will be in 1928. In the former year, their candidate for the Democratic nomination was W. G. McAdoo, as in all likelihood he will be two years hence. The South's objections to the other chief contender, Al Smith, are four: he is from the North, he is from a large city, he is wet, and he is a Roman Catholic. The last of these points is the most serious, though it is hard to find a politician honest enough to admit

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that this is true. If Smith succeeded in getting the nomination, the feeling in the South would be of the bitterest character. The Southern Democracy might not be driven to the desperate step of voting the Republican ticket—it is hard to imagine anything which would in the near future bring about that development—but large masses of voters would stay away from the polls, and would thereby somewhat augment their opponents' chances of a national victory. Shrewd observers believe that Smith's strength has grown during the two years since the famous Madison Square Garden convention, and that McAdoo's has somewhat declined. If this is true, the movement for the abolition of the two-thirds rule, about which George Fort Milton wrote in hopeful terms in a recent issue of the New Republic, is unlikely to come to anything. The agitation originated in the South among Mr. McAdoo's friends, who believe he may in the next convention be able to get a majority of the delegates, but not a two-thirds majority. However, if there is any chance that Smith might get a majority, the veto power which the McAdoo forces would have as long as they controlled one-third of the delegates would be too precious for them to surrender.

While it is true that at present the South is still Democratic, and will remain so for a long time to come, if we look at it in a larger perspective it is fair to say that the old "Solid South" is dead beyond all hope of resuscitation. With the new economic development has come great wealth—not only that of Northerners who have come into the South, but that of Southerners themselves. After two generations of virtual bankruptcy following the Civil War, the South suddenly finds itself the home of a number of very large fortunes, and a large and rapidly increasing class of investors. This wealth is based, not on agriculture as always in the past, but on the industries we have already mentioned. Naturally, its owners hold the opinions appropriate to persons of their economic status, which is in most cases almost exactly that of New England. They are for high tariffs instead of low ones or free trade. They are conservative rather than progressive. They are "hard money" theorists, violently opposed to inflation. If they would only admit it, they are in fact Coolidge Republicans.

Some of them admit it, at least to themselves and in the secrecy of the ballot-box. Mr. Coolidge polled an amazingly large vote throughout the South in 1924. It was not a Negro vote, for the Negroes were no more allowed to exercise the franchise in that year than previously. It was not a vote of recent Northern immigrants, being equably distributed and not concentrated in the places where Yankees foregather. It was a vote of the Southern rentier and business class, probably somewhat frightened by the alleged radicalism of La Follette, deserting John W. Davis to support the man who, they correctly felt, came closest to representing their own point of view. Not only was this true, but there were heavy contributions to the Republican campaign fund made by leading citizens in Southern cities where twenty years ago such an action would have been almost tantamount to inviting ostracism by one's friends on the ground of being a "nigger-lover." And there will be more of this money available in 1928.

This development in the South is of course no more than carrying to its logical conclusion a movement in American politics on which we have often commented in recent years. The real division of opinion is no longer between the Republican and Democratic parties, but between conservative and progressive, and that is a fissure which runs straight across the party boundaries and divides each of them into two camps. A conservative Democrat and a conservative Republican have far more in common than either has with a progressive member of his own party. What is needed for the sake of honesty is a new alignment of opposing forces, which would put all the progressives in one army and all the conservatives in another. The present change in the South is helping that process. The Southern conservative is at last coming out in his true colors. While it may take a generation before this group will vote for a Republican, already it is true that it will not conduct more than a sham battle of opposition.

The evolution of the South may in time produce another progressive element, among those who carry the burden of the industrial development. It is folly to suppose that the mill operatives will remain permanently unorganized, or that the factory system will not produce there the same results it has created in every other part of the world. In the meantime, however, the fact should be frankly faced that the South is becoming just an annex, politically and socially, of the Northeast. Anyone who supposes that there exists a Southern progressivism which can capture control of the Democratic party, or can be brought into alliance with the dissatisfied farmers of the Northwest, is indulging in a beautiful dream for which there is no foundation in fact.

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Three Years of the "B. and O. Plan"

IT is a little more than three years since the start at systematic coöperation between organized labor and management was made in the Glenwood Shops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The experiment began with three hundred men whose number was gradually raised to one thousand. Just one year after the start the American Federation of Labor shop unions on the Baltimore and Ohio and the management entered an agreement bringing the entire force of twenty-two thousand shopmen under the program.

While the Glenwood experiment was still under way, both the regular unions and the President of the Canadian National Railways decided to inaugurate the program on this important system. Subsequently the shop unions and managements of both the Chicago and Northwestern and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads adopted the coöperative program and proceeded to introduce it. So today there are fully fifty thousand railroad shopmen working coöperatively through their unions with railroad managements to improve service, eliminate waste and increase the rewards received for their labors.

As the coöperative arrangement has been extended from shop to shop, the international unions concerned have had a chance to review it at regular conventions of their membership. Likewise on each railroad where the program is in effect, the men have met in system conventions and taken stock. The net result of these proceedings to date is that at least three hundred thousand union railroad shopmen have officially endorsed union-management coöperation as one of the policies of their organizations. Of added significance is the action of the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employes which in a recent convention went on record in support of the coöperative policy. It has now extended to railway managements the offer to cooperate along the lines developed between the organized shopmen and the Baltimore and Ohio management. This places eight standard A. F. of L. unions representing three-quarters of a million railroad employes behind the policy of union-management coöperation.

Other indications of the spread of the coöperative idea among the organized workers are the statements of President William Green, of the A. F. of L., as well as the action of the last convention of the Federation. In an address delivered to the Harvard Union and published by the A. F. of L. under the title Modern Trade Unionism, Mr. Green points to union-management coöperation as a logical constructive step forward in the efficient and economical operation of industry. The Executive Council of the Federation in its report to the last Convention, recommended that the movement be given serious study and consideration. The Convention approved the Council's report and endorsed labor's coöperation with engineers and technical experts "in order that the experience of management coöperation with trade unions may be put at the service of all concerned with production problems."

How the men on the job feel about coöperation is revealed by an increasing accumulation of evidence. For example, at the system federation conventions of the Canadian National and Baltimore and Ohio shopmen held during April and May of this year, special committees were appointed to take testimony and report back to the conventions. The reports of these committees revealed briefly: (1) that coöperation had resulted in a decided improvement in the relationship between management and men, thus strengthening the morale of the service, (2) that substantial improvement in tools and working conditions had been effected, enabling increased output of better quality, (3) that considerable progress had been made in stabilizing employment and so increasing wage income, (4) that satisfactory progress had been made in developing a sound understanding of the coöperative idea among employes and officers, and (5) that causes ordinarily making for grievances had been greatly reduced while the settlement of grievances which did arise had been greatly expedited.

The significance of the attitude of these shopmen toward coöperation is enhanced by the fact that when the program was first considered by them, as well as since its adoption, certain extremist elements of communistic extraction tried by various tactics to prevent its introduction and extension. Their efforts have met with such consistent failure that their opposition has practically ceased.

In the face of this evidence of progress, the recent remarks of Losovsky, Secretary of the Red Labor Union International, to the Enlarged Executive Committee of the Communist International which met in Moscow during March of this year, are interesting. After briefly describing the details of the "plan" and stating that there is strong inclination in Germany to adopt American forms of "class collaboration," Losovsky observes:

> . . . that in Germany Gomperism has supplanted Marxism. We can see what this new orientation represents. The struggle against this ideology and practice is one of the most important tasks of all the Communist parties and the Comintern.

When the Glenwood experiment was first inaugurated the purpose of the coöperative program was rather general—coöperation for mutual benefit. As the program developed in the three years of its existence, its immediate objectives became more specific. Chief among them are reductions in grievances, increased sense of responsibility on the

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part of employes for the success of the railroad, and on the part of management for the welfare of the employes, improvements in methods of employe training, better conditions of employment in respect to working facilities, sanitation, lighting and safety, conservation of material, increased output, improved quality of workmanship, recruiting of new employes, stabilizing employment, and finally financial participation by the employes in the gains due to coöperation.

Definite progress towards the accomplishment of each of these objectives has been made. For instance an actual check for the three-year period preceding the adoption of the coöperative program revealed that the unions on the Baltimore and Ohio had to handle one grievance appeal case for every 58 men represented. In the year just closed, the number of these cases had declined to one for every 131 employes represented.

The increased sense of responsibility manifested by employes and managements in one another's welfare is shown first, by the remarkable number of propositions affecting employe welfare and shop efficiency dealt with at the local joint coöperative conferences held every two weeks between the regular union shop committees and the local managements, and second, by the extraordinarily high percentage of these proposals approved by the conferences and put into practice. Up to the present time, on three of the railroads concerned, in round numbers a total of twenty thousand such propositions have been initiated by both men and management and considered by the joint coöperative conferences. Of these, more than sixteen thousand are now in effect.

While large, the total number of these detailed shop matters considered by the local joint committees is really not as significant as their scope and nature. They are of the very essence of shop operation and management. The local joint committees do not deal with superficialities. Speech-making and generalizations are not resorted to. For instance, one of the committeemen will advance a definite detail proposal, such as the advisability of manufacturing or repairing a specific item of material or equipment at his shop, or he may call attention to the fact that certain brass castings, naming them and giving their pattern numbers, are too scant in particular places to permit of proper machining. Again, a union or management representative may hold that shop performance records should be kept and posted or that a schedule should be maintained for routing apprentices through the shop. Detail devices designed by the men for increasing production, reclaiming materials or improving quality, are submitted in the form of sketches and considered by the joint committees. If shortages in materials exist causing men to lose time in performing their work the matter quickly precipitates discussion and action by the joint committees.

The system coöperative conferences serve still further to mobilize the intelligence and good will of the workers. These conferences take place between the chief railroad equipment maintenance officers and the system representatives of the unions involved. They are held regularly every three months and last practically all day. Matters not disposed of locally are dealt with by the system conferences, and what is more important, matters of a system nature, such as ways and means for stabilizing employment, proper technical training for employes, budgeting procedure and equipment rehabilitation and building programs as they affect the shopmen, and methods for measuring cooperative progress are discussed to a conclusion. Quite frequently the employe representatives upon their own initiative bring up some specific condition which is interfering with output, and insist that these situations be remedied.

In the direction of employment stabilization good progress can also be reported. Thus on the Baltimore and Ohio for the year 1925 as compared with the preceding year, there was an average increase of 12 days' work for all classes of employes represented by the federated shop crafts. On the Canadian National the progress was equally gratifying. For the Chicago and Northwestern it can be said that with the introduction of the cooperative program early last summer this railroad was able to go through the fall and winter months of decreased railroad revenue without reduction in equipment repair personnel. It has been calculated that through stabilized employment the men on the Baltimore and Ohio have received an increased wage income equivalent to a raise of 2¼ cents in the hourly rate. This has been a gain decidedly worth while, for not only has it helped improve the morale of the service, but it has reflected itself in the more efficient utilization of the entire repair plant, which meant higher and better shop production.

The most important problem now before the cooperative movement for solution is the financial sharing of the gains of coöperation. Labor thus far has been satisfied to take its share of these gains in the form of friendly union recognition, more fair and sympathetic application of the terms of union agreements with management, better working conditions and finally steadier employment. Management, of course, has benefited through better production, improved quality of work, reduced material expense, lower overhead costs, better discipline, lessened labor turnover and hence improved morale.

It so happens that the gains of coöperation are more apparent to management simply because it is a function of management to keep itself posted through statistics and observation of trends in operating performance. Labor in the first place has not the necessary records, and in the second place, its units are so much larger than those of management that it is no simple task to keep the

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thousands of employes involved properly informed as to progress being made. And furthermore, after certain standards affecting union status, working conditions, or stability of employment are established, they become the accepted practice, and are taken for granted. In other words, they lose their incentive value. So it is necessary to discover some device which will provide a continuous incentive. Such a device is based on the principle of financial participation in the benefits due to coöperation.

There is no blinking the difficulty of solving this problem. Progress, however, is being made. On two of the roads where the coöperative program is in effect, the principle of dividing the gains of cooperation financially has been accepted, and joint committees, assisted by technical experts, are engaged in formulating a method for measuring and sharing these gains. If these committees are successful in solving this problem for the railroad industry, a practical application will have been devised of the new wage principle adopted by the American Federation of Labor at its last convention, namely, that wages should advance in proportion to man's increasing powers of production.

The significance of the union-management cooperative movement to the American railroad industry is becoming more apparent each day. Reference has already been made to the fact that the possibilities and advantages of stabilized employment first assumed prominence on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad under the auspices of the cooperative program. It was President Daniel Willard who subsequently enlisted the Association of Railway Executives in the stabilization movement and was made chairman of the Association's committee appointed to study this problem. Of no less importance, perhaps, is the fact that the success to date of union-management coöperation on those railroads whose managements not only subscribe to the equity and propriety of recognizing the bona-fide labor unions, but also coöperate with them, disposes of the arguments advanced by company union advocates in justification of their brand of employe representation. In other words, the standard railroad shop unions have more than made good their claim that they were ready, able and willing to function constructively in railway equipment maintenance, when resistance to their normal development ceased and genuine collective bargaining was recognized.

The influence of the new idealism which has grown out of the coöperative movement is also apparent in the activities which led to the agreement between the executives of most of our railroads, the standard railway labor organization and Congress concerning appropriate federal legislation for the adjustment of labor disputes in the railroad industry. It is, therefore, not an unwarranted prediction that the likelihood of labor troubles on our American railroads will be greatly reduced in the future. This should prove particularly true on those railroads where the policy of systematic coöperation between unions and management is in effect. For with the emphasis on coöperation the tendency will be to remove causes making for conflict and should conflicts arise, to adjust them as speedily and fairly as possible. At all events, experience on the Baltimore and Ohio and Canadian National amply verifies this characteristic.

But the value of the coöperative program to the public does not end with the benefits just cited, important as they are. It has another characteristic which may well prove its greatest single contribution to the art of industrial government and management. This contribution is the genuine concern in the prevention of wasteful, inefficient and uneconomical practices which the coöperative program has aroused in the thousands of workers manning our railroads. Coming at a time when the exposures of Ripley, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the New Republic and others so clearly reveal the lack of interest of railroad stock holders in railway management and their inability to exert any influence to improve it, the newly developed ability of the unions to set standards for management is of first importance.

Innumerable cases are on record which demonstrate conclusively the concern the workers on the job feel for waste in the use of materials, for poor tools and lack of proper production systems or for shortages of supplies, which either necessitate robbing one locomotive to complete another, or digging around scrap heaps to salvage something suitable for a substitute. But what is still more useful is that through their union representatives the workers adopt policies and take action to help in the correction of these deficiencies. Frequently they go further and work out improved methods for doing detail jobs, or for dealing with major operating problems.

This all serves to stimulate management in a new way. The men on the job are helping to set the pace. The premium is upon still better railroading. The men help in ways peculiarly possible especially because of the availability of their independent unions and the leadership they have developed. The energy of management which formerly was dissipated in disputes with organized labor under coöperation is devoted to planning and better operation. Instead of resisting new management devices the unions encourage them, readily suggest improvements and fall in line when they are discussed and put into practice.

Three years of experience with intensive union-management coöperation thus verifies the statement made by President William Green of the American Federation of Labor before the Taylor Society last December: "Through such an understanding all the associated productive processes of industry can be mobilized into an economic, sustained, impelling force through which economy in production may be completely accomplished." O. S. Beyer, Jr.

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Copey of Harvard

CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND is one of the few legends that Harvard University has produced. A thin, caustic, discreet little man, with a large head, a meagre if carefully erect body, and rather pinched and graying New England features, he does not look at first sight a legendary figure. You might pass him in the Yard in an east wind, steering an armful of shabby books, and think you had noted a "professor." But "Copey" does not mean "professor" to Harvard graduates and undergraduates. His appointment last year to the Boylston chair of Rhetoric was not a tribute to academic achievement in the usual sense. It was the tardy recognition of a unique influence.

The influence has centred in Hollis 15, whose square-paned windows, high among the branches of the elms in the north end of the Yard, have been a night beacon to many solitary or sociable young souls, and many sentimental revenants from the larger world beyond the gates. In this mellow academic domicile, a relic of the Harvard of the eighteenth century, at the head of three naked and worn flights of steep stairs, the Copeland who receives his guests begins to manifest his spell, and define his characteristics.

He comes obviously from the state of Maine, for one thing—any good New Englander will recognize the winter apple flavor, the accent, clear and crisp, the species: one of those "old" families who esteem themselves highly—highly and acutely. I should expect a man from coastal Maine to pick out such a room as this, for crabbed tenantry and courteous hospitality of thirty-odd years. The three flights of stairs give a kind of advantage of height as well as a kind of seclusion. The early American flavor is reminiscent. There is safe comfort within—firelight, candlelight, oil lamps, paneling and walls of books, yet the windows are fit for scanning distant seas. The host announces that his great grandmother Townsend read Pope's Odyssey to her daughters and servitors as they made the Thanksgiving pies. A proud, sturdy race, appreciative, as it has had to strive for them, of the good and honorific things of this world.

The room is comfortably populated and full of quiet talk. Responsive young men, much at home and at ease, fill the background. The honored lady —"I can make one Queen o' the May—I don't know how to administer two or three, having the fate of Paris in mind"—sits on the left of the glowing hearth. On the right, the host—a conscious celebrity, you would say, maintaining with whimsical crusty speech an attitude. A "character" who likes to usurp our pleased attention. A slightly pompous Johnsonian character, with Lamb-like quips, and Carlylesque locutions, declaring, when pressed, literary judgments discerning, direct, kindly and modern beyond the mannerisms. And all the while, the man behind the "character," the man himself, leaning back in the morris chair, with the single gas light beside it shining on the forehead rising to his bald head, a trim, oldish figure, in a gray suit, with stiff Puritan back and air of perfect correctness, requires and expects a deeper definition. The gray face, with its eager eyes and vivid sudden smile, is almost poignantly sensitive and sharp with some inner light of feeling.

The young men seem aware of it. Do they realize that this Harvard personage has given practically the whole of his life to the entertainment, the illumination and admonishment of students like themselves? That they are not to him merely themselves, as they sit in their chairs, but symbols of the generations that pass like the leaves of the elms? The evening at home may be changed from Monday to Wednesday—so a notice on the door proclaims—but the institution is immortal, and to how many such generations has Copeland read, as he will read tonight.

Will he really read? Yes, but first there must be fussy consideration of lamps and windows. This should be up, that down. Now the spectacles are lost. They must be in the office, two flights down. Off shoots the scout, called back for the key. The *right* key, Charles, have you the *right* key?—here. The young men busy themselves with tolerant and affectionate solicitude.

At last things are approximately and impermanently right. Copeland, with the fully focused attention of his audience, opens his book.

> Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
> No hungry generations tread thee down;
> The voice I hear this passing night was heard
> In ancient days by emperor and clown.

The voice, the passing night!—it is Copeland's true voice that speaks at last. The voice has sharp Down East inflections, its range is limited, but its sympathetic magic is potent. It leads one, by an art rarely histrionic and profound, through the dreaming vistas of Keats's poem, to the heart of the Copeland legend.

The centre of every man's existence is a dream, they say—Chesterton says it in his essay on Scott. Deeper than habits, calamities and sins lies his vision of himself, "as swaggering and sentimental as a penny novelette." Copeland's dream is no more sentimental than any other man's. But because it is an histrionic dream, its swagger is more visible. The manner, at once indifferent and vain, the superficial weaknesses, which are as crystalline as those of a child, and of much the same sort—the sort that need and claim approval and affection—seem to

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shield the dream of an artist of the stage. A highly accomplished and sophisticated artist, fertile in the discovery of means to enforce his power. Yet also an intuitive artist, who, like any fine actor, makes to his performance the supreme gift of himself.

A college campus is a stage, a platform is a stage, an academic chamber is a stage, if you choose to take it so. Here a man, indisposed by temper or tradition for the actor's rôle, may come into his own. I am not suggesting that when Copeland entered the Harvard English Department, as a humble corrector of themes in another man's course, he had any such conscious aim. He may not even have suspected that he had something personal and preeminently human to give the university that would more than compensate for lack of formal scholarship or higher degrees. But it is a fact that he did not strive to remedy his academic defects. He did not drudge for a Ph.D.—the Boylston professor still lacks that mark of academic prestige. No, from the beginning, his time and his heart went into his own peculiar educational inventions. That quasi-tutorial relation with his pupils, and with innumerable boys who were not his pupils, those voluntary classes in "reading aloud" which the Harvard men of the nineties remember with such warmth, though they did not contribute toward a degree, those public readings for "Town and Gown" in Sever 11 began almost immediately, and almost immediately made a name, and created an audience.

Copeland recalls how instinctively, at his first reading, in that intimidating Sever amphitheatre, he turned his chair from the sober elder townsfolk—from the past—to face the future: college youth. That, of his many audiences, was not only the first but the real and final one. Youth could understand, as age could not so surely, the inspiration welling ever fresh out of the histrionic dream.

Most professors of literature present neatly dissected masterpieces to the minds of their students. Copeland has done very little dissecting. He has poured masterpieces whole into the souls of his hearers, with a peculiar fervor of speech and accent that seem, though so perfectly in control, the discharge of some inner compulsion. What we see, especially inside a book, we may ignore. What we hear, really hear, in that fashion, we *feel,* like a kind of music. Literature and life fuse, or rather, literature becomes the flower and consummation of life. The great writers of the past, the figures of their creation, are living, actual, understandable, ourselves. At their best, Copeland's reading of prose and poetry and his biographical lectures have had a breath of living genius.

That indented Maine coast where he grew up, among blue inlets, rocky isles and tidal rivers, has, for the dreaming mind, the aspect of "faery lands forlorn." The old Maine stock, from which he comes, is leisurely and beauty loving as well as pioneering. Aristocrats of the provinces, as good as anybody and even a little better, they are ever scornful of mediocre performance in life. The ghostly inward whip which they lay upon the shoulders of their descendants scourged Copeland, I feel sure, to prove his mettle in the world, to leap obstacles, by persistent courageous effort. And he certainly owes them the slighting accents with which names not loved, like Byron's, are dismissed from his lips; the caustic touch which seems to throw the light of some inward scorn upon his own peccadilloes. These Maine folk are not very easily fooled, even about themselves.

The Boylston professor, born in Calais in 1860, comes of four long-lived lines. He was the first of the lot to go to college, and to that fact he chooses to ascribe his lack of application to formal learning. Graduating from Harvard in the class of 1882, he began in the uncertain manner of the artist race a series of attempts to adjust to the practical world, of which the most important were seven years of dramatic and book reviewing on a newspaper. Here, Copeland began to affirm the major passions of his life—interest in human beings, and books and plays and great persons, especially great persons of the stage, like his old friend, Minnie Maddern Fiske, and those others—Bernhardt, Modjeska, Booth, Jefferson, whose photographs hang on the walls of Hollis 15. In the year 1892, at two and thirty, on his own application, he became an instructor in the Harvard English Department—then ruled by a group of pundits of Germanic scholarly tradition.

In his official rôle, he remained an overworked freshman hack until the year 1905, when Dean Briggs asked him to renounce freshman teaching and take on an "advanced" course in writing. This, which proved an outstanding contribution to academic Harvard, was his first original teaching opportunity. He began also, with the honorable, if anomalous title of "Lecturer," to give both at Harvard and at Radcliffe, where he taught thirty years, those favorite literary courses of his—Lives, Times and Characters of Men of Letters, Johnson and His Circle—and to undertake the University Extension work and the Summer School teaching that have been, ever since, a marked popular success.

The Harvard Corporation made Copeland an Associate Professor in 1910, eighteen years after his first appointment. His Boylston Professorship, in which he succeeded Dean Briggs, came again fifteen years later, at the age of sixty-five—the age which in many colleges is that of retirement. Probably no other university in the country would have given a teacher so much freedom and so little recognition.

This slow gathering of public laurels had, however, its own advantages for Copeland. A rara avis among professors, a brilliant and somewhat "misunderstood" figure, who signified to his students, in a way they could scarcely define, the creative spirit, he engaged ardent loyalties and provoked curiosities usually denied to figureheads. What other professor has an Alumni Association of

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his own?—The Charles T. Copeland Association brings "Copey" on to the Harvard Club of New York every winter, for a much "featured" occasion, a dinner and a reading which draw former students from all over the country. Would Copeland's Christmas mail arrive in a truck, would those post-cards from the faithful be forever in circulation, and those Harvard war letters fill several treasured volumes if he had not been for the greater part of his career a Pretender rather than a Prince? For that matter, would Copeland have become "Copey," the teacher who "took the curse off books"; would he have developed so surely into the tutor-at-large, the avuncular guide and philosopher, whom Harvard and Radcliffe youth was proud to call friend, if there had not been in him that X-quality that does not fit into professorial pigeon-holes?

He soon abandoned his own literary endeavors—certain little "editions" of the poets, with prefaces, appeared in the early Harvard days, an edition of Carlyle's Letters to His Sister, and an excellent short Life of Edwin Booth, which reveals much of the author's passion for the stage. Probably one of the intentions of the younger Copeland was to write more. But writing is an exclusive business and Copey, like the mother of a family, did not have the heart to close his door.

"Who is it?"

"I'm James Smith, and I'm drunk, drunk, drunk!"

"Come in, drunken James!"

The door of Hollis 15 was not always on the latch, but it opened readily. The men who came, stayed. Their troubles, financial and amatory, their ambitions, their dreams—perceived almost before they were spoken by that sensitive perception, that power of vicarious identification with others which is Copey's, not only because he is himself, but because he has the literary and dramatic temper—became his own. Like a soul in migration he left his body to enter their wide future adventures. This youth must be urged to go round the Horn, that one sent to Oxford, this one assisted to a newspaper job, that one provided with a sound, remunerative business opening, or a wife with money. Meanwhile all must be urged to read, and "badgered" into doing good work. It is easy to see how they became charges upon a heart at once tender and humane, and a judgment worldly wise. Gradually they aroused an interest so exclusive that it crowded out all personal ambition save that sole aim of influencing youth to read and write, and to comport itself well in the world.

The words of his former students are the surest commentary on his original method of teaching in English 12. The crux of it is a three-quarter-of-an-hour interview, every fortnight, in the Hollis office, in which the student *reads his work aloud* to the listening teacher. The method of the ear again—it was originated by chance, at a moment when Copeland could not use his eyes, and had to correct papers orally. But he quickly discovered that he had fallen upon a real pedagogic discovery.

> On the occasion of my first conference [writes a recent student], he sat staring out of an open window as I read. In the beginning I felt as though I were reading to emptiness outside the window, that none of my "gems" were being heard. I soon discovered that I was woefully mistaken. My "gems" were being considered, most of them condemned. I was told that they were bad, and why they were. I was made to see that the first approach to writing lay in humility, the second in honest sweating, not the arrogant confidence possessed by most undergraduate would-be littérateurs. At the same time I began to see where the honester, unconsidered portions of the theme were better, and again why. All this in little comments which I had to jot down in the margin.
>
> At the end of the conference I took from Copey's dictation his final opinion; and from that I learned the following things. First, that he was as sympathetic with all my efforts as I was myself, that he understood what I was trying to do and how the doing of it hurt. Second, that he was as humble in criticism as he made me feel I ought to be in learning to write, that he was living the helper to my individual needs and giving me a great deal of himself in doing so—that he was not dictating his opinions, and respected my views, if I was able to offer any proof of their validity.
>
> He was always alive to the change and thirst for change in undergraduate character, and where he did not agree was able to sympathize. I began to realize his amazing freshness of mind and his understanding of undergraduate ambitions. In what would appear to be his narrowing confinement in the Yard, he has drunk so long of the spirit of youth and so deep, that it has enlarged his soul. Copey will never be old.

Copey rules the class room as he does his public audiences—with a kingly sceptre, that has a malicious reach for the heels of rebels. This gifted and singular personality, imprisoned in a thin and constricted frame, cannot tolerate an audience that is not wholly *his*, even to its coughs and sneezes. (That solemn admonition, *"Don't* cough—*don't!"* is oddly effective, even in the season of grippe.) Rows over steam pipes and windows, to the abashment of terrorized janitors; demands for glasses of water that are not drunk: quips and cranks and savage gibes: these are most charitably interpreted as methods of concentrating attention.

It is reported that he arrived late one day in a Harvard class, with a melodramatic air deliberately over-charged.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I have just had a fearful adventure. I was crossing Harvard Square, holding a book that my friend John Reed has just sent me—a volume inscribed to his old teacher—and one of those *devil-wagons* [taxis] nearly ran me down. I thank God, gentlemen, that I had it in me to hurl the volume at the head of the driver. It fell into the back seat. It went on to Boston."

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The books from former pupils would make a sizeable library and be sure that Copey is as ready to read from Robert Benchley or Heywood Broun as from Kipling or the Book of Ruth. Men like John Reed, far as the poles from Copeland in political and social horizon, never become less close: "Is it just *inside* the Kremlin or just *outside* the Kremlin that Jack is buried?"

Copey's Reminiscences—one of those famous books that will never be written—("Come for the manuscript in eight years," he wired the last applicant) would make a very complete inner history of the Harvard of the last thirty-five years. The golden period, so far as Copeland's own life goes, would be the twentieth century years that preceded the War. During the War he made himself an informal recruiting sergeant, as did so many men in the fifties, deprived of action themselves, and got out of the letters of his young friends a fine vicarious satisfaction. Since the War, while the objective new generation, under the sway of heroes of their own invention—the sceptical Strachey, the hard-hitting Mencken—query a little all that savors of "appreciation," as well as of mannerism, in Copeland's biographical method, still he sits in Hollis 15, no longer technically a hero who needs support but an elderly gentleman with a well organized tradition and, at last, an academic crown.

But the men who work with him—instead of visiting him like a museum specimen or a Harvard "sight," feel that Copey is unchanged. "Copey can never grow old." Nothing, if the truth were told, neither the academic honors nor the Charles T. Copeland Association can alter the angle from which he looks, is condemned to look at life: for it is the remove of the artist.

Copeland speaks in his Life of Booth of a man's debt to his career. His own debt to Harvard is the opportunity it has offered for the satisfaction of a profound love and sympathy for youth. He speaks also, in this book, of "the separate pang" of the actor's lot, who sees the spiritual body of his art crumble before his natural body. That is, in a sense, for all his rich rewards, the prospective pang of this teacher whose sway owes so much to the histrionic dream. For Copey must, though surrounded and protected by ardent youth as few elders are, live ever solitary and by proxy, at the top of his creaking stairs. He must, to the end, yield up his personal essence as a sacrifice to his masters and let them speak their mysteries through his lips.

A highly sophisticated auditor attended one of Copeland's readings at the Summer School a few years ago. It was such an intolerably hot and stale July evening as only the Cambridge midsummer can provide. Copeland began with one of his best Biblical selections. But there was little response from the benches, and he felt it. Suddenly rising, he gave a keen glance about the hall. Then, quietly, he turned out the lamp beside his chair.

A signal that the reading was over? No, something more symbolic. It was, rather, as if he had turned out the personality of Charles T. Copeland. In so doing, he summoned the personality of Lady Macbeth to rise out of the dimness.

He did not read. He did not recite. He did not act, in any definable way. By an *intention* only he achieved the tragic presence of that eternal sleepwalker. But it was enough. The spectator went out from a hall, now tense and magnetic, with the sense of having had one of the great dramatic revelations of her life. Something to set beside a performance by Bernhardt or Duse.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

(*Editor's note: This is one of a series of articles in which Miss Sergeant is discussing interesting contemporary Americans.*)

Six Mothers

HOW much do children need their mothers? Psychologists differ, so do child welfare workers, so do some feminists. The only group presenting a united front is composed of grandmothers, and they have made too many mistakes as mothers to count for much. Nobody in fact knows for a certainty, although everybody has his opinions. One psychologist attributes the vigor of the British Empire to the Spartan practice of its ruling class in separating boys from their mothers from their earliest years. Another retorts that British obtuseness to personal values may be rooted in this very practice, and points to the more subtle sensitiveness of southern races where the relation between mother and young children is kept close and intimate. "The masses get back at the classes every generation," one psychologist has declared. "They take care of the classes' children and fill them full with their own superstitions and fears." "Expert" care is the remedy, claim the feminists. But is it? The present writer has been seeking light on the subject, and from the mass of material supplied her by psychologists, school directors, teachers and mothers, she has selected the stories given below, changed only enough to hide identity. They may or may not be typical.

I

Effie Tuttle, every one knows, is devoted to her children. It is refreshing, say her friends, in these modern times, to find a genuinely old-fashioned mother, who enjoys doing the chores for her children and being with them. Effie scarcely moves

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from the side of Stanley, aged four, and Paul, who is six months old. She has a maid and a nurse to help her, but she is always present at her children's meals, and usually dresses and puts them to bed, as well as airing them herself. It's slavery, she admits, to be tied down so much, but it's only for a few years, and to what better use could a woman put her time?

To be sure, one or two people feel that Effie interprets motherhood too oppressively. She not only supervises every detail of Stanley's physical existence, but of his mental and play life as well. She is always showing him how things are to be done, or doing them for him. She feels it is awfully democratic of her to sit on the floor with Stanley and play blocks with him, but he has got so now that he will not put one block upon another without first getting her approval.

This ubiquitous maternity of hers is aggravated a good deal by the living conditions of the Tuttles. Their apartment, which faces Central Park, is a very splendid one, at least the foyer downstairs is splendid. The rooms upstairs are few and a bit scanty. The dining room and parlor are separated merely by an arch, and there is only one rather small bedroom, besides the kitchen and maids' cubbyhole. All the Tuttles sleep in the "master" bedroom, Stanley in a cot in one corner, and the baby in his buggy wheeled in for the night. Naturally there isn't a corner anywhere that belongs to the children, there isn't even any adequate place for their toys. Mrs. Tuttle thinks she is pretty broadminded to let Stanley ride his velocipede in and out of the chairs and tables, and to have trained him so well not ever to hit the mahogany sideboard. But chiefly she solves the problem by keeping the children outdoors.

And their avenue is such a pleasant quiet street that Mrs. Tuttle never bothers to explore other places, not even to cross into the park across the way. She just stays in front of the house, wheeling Paul up and down in the sun, while Stanley rides his velocipede furiously to the corner and back. He is also permitted to climb over the railing surrounding the grass plot, and even to clamber up the wire netting around the little trees. This shocks the other mothers, but Mrs. Tuttle doesn't care; exercise is necessary for a growing boy.

Lately, however, Stanley has been giving trouble. It is just possible that after four years, he has exhausted the possibilities of adult room space, adult furniture, adult sidewalks and adult ideas of a child's play. At any rate, he has been giving way to terrible tantrums, even in the street. For these, his father "whales" the life out of him, but that doesn't seem to help. He has taken to stuttering too, and that worries his father, who stuttered badly himself as a boy. The screaming and stuttering were worse the three weeks Stanley was obliged to stay indoors with the grippe. At the end of that period, one day, he frantically gathered all his toys from the shelves in the tiny hallway outside the bedroom, and hurled them out of the window.

"You're lucky it wasn't Paul," I remarked when Effie told me about it.

II

Mrs. Fitz-Park plays bridge feverishly. She plays every afternoon and sometimes morning, too. Bridge, she explains, especially in a small town, isn't a thing you can play in moderation. You have either to be available for all the parties there are, or you won't be asked to any of them. And at every party you've got to be lavish with your time. You have to stay for the last rubber, and for the pink cakes after that. "I wish," Mrs. Fitz-Park sighed one day, a bit wistfully, "we didn't have to play quite so late. I never see my children any more. They are off to school by the time I get up in the morning, and they are in bed by the time I get home. I can't be awfully certain that they are all right."

Mrs. Fitz-Park, you see, has a conscience. She even joined a mother's study club last winter, whose sessions she attends if the conflicting bridge date can be broken. This rarely happens, but once when she met with the club she confessed to great anxiety over the nightmares of Bobby, her five-year-old son. He was constantly waking at night, screaming with terror. He seemed to be frightened by some idea of death. Inquiry showed that he had been in the habit of spending afternoons with the cook, an Irish girl with a colorful tongue. Listening in one day on an account of a wake, Bobby had inquired what a "stiff" might be, whereupon the cook, delighted with his ignorance, proceeded to draw a most terrifying and lurid picture of death and its inevitable arrival to everyone. "Many's the lad been taken in the night and snatched off into Purgatory," she declared, enjoying to the full the widening horror in his eyes.

III

Patricia Evans makes speeches—good ones. She is paid $200, sometimes more, for every lecture. Her subjects are Women's Rights, Industrial Equality and Peace. She is overwhelmed with engagements and is sought after in every movement of importance. Her two children attend one of the progressive experimental schools which takes babies as soon as they can walk and keeps them all day. Naturally Patricia sees little of them, but externally at least she always manages to say and do the correct thing in her relationship with them. She manages for instance to be amazingly regular in her attendance at parents' meetings, and whenever the children are ill, she telephones several times a day to see how they get along. If her tone is always a bit cool and remote, that's only because Patricia is always cool and remote in every situation.

A rather sentimental elderly cousin acts in loco parentis to the children, together with a shifting

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panorama of maids. The second child, a rather stolid little girl of three, accepts life as it is offered. She smiles divinely at her mother, when Patricia happens to look at her in bed, and chats cosily with her if a stray mischance throws them together on the maid's afternoon off. But Jasper, the boy of nine, is different. He is tensely, violently in revolt. He is "negative" at school, defiant to his nurse, sulky before the cloying advances of his elderly cousin. These attitudes have been going on for years and show little sign of improvement. Some of Patricia's friends worry about him, so do his teachers.

One of them told of a visit Patricia made to the school one afternoon. Jasper, who had been behaving in his usual antagonistic fashion all day, heard her voice in the hall. Instantly he melted into compliance and charm. "Oh, Patricia!" he exclaimed, his voice husky with delight, as she entered the room, "You've come to take me home!"

"Oh, Jasper darling, I'm afraid I haven't," said Patricia, "I've got to speak at Mrs. Dunbar's tea this afternoon. But—" she added, "if you'll be a good boy, and go home with Violet without any fuss, I'll do my best—though I'm not certain if I can really manage it—but I'll see if I can't get home in time to read to you before your bed time."

IV

Maurice's mother writes novels. They sell pretty well and the critics praise them. She considers herself an artist and perhaps she is, if a certain luminousness of phrase and incisiveness in character work make for artistry. She is certain, however, that she can some time produce "great Art," given the chance to work, and work unfortunately, so she thinks, is incompatible with the practical affairs of motherhood. If she has read it, she will heartily agree with the dictum of Genevieve Taggard, who says in the bulletin of the National Woman's Party, "A woman artist wants to bear a child if for no other reason than to discover that it will not do as a substitute for her work"; and again, "As long as a woman knows that her body has not had the experience for which she is primarily fashioned she will have the timidity of a novice in her work."

So Maurice, just turned four, is boarded out. The home his mother has found for him is pleasant enough. It is in the country, there is a meadow and a swing and a sandbox. There are several other children in the home, and their mother is kind and devoted to Maurice. Most of the time too, Maurice plays joyously. He is adjusted—almost. But some tight little lines are forming in his face, and there is often a droop of unchildlike misery around his mouth. He talks constantly of his old home, of the "little 'partment" where his father and mother and he used to live, of the yellow dog who barked at him as he came up the stairs, of the "golden (r)adiator" in his tiny bedroom. Although he has been in his new home for nearly a year, he still anxiously stands by the telephone whenever it rings, his eyes dark with expectation. "OO-oo, maybe that's my Mummy," he will say.

V

Millicent Mills and her husband got their Ph.D.'s together in child psychology. They met in Doctor Gross's seminar and were married before their orals. They have not used their higher learning very much. Soon after his thesis was printed, Mr. Mills was offered an excellent job in the actuarial department of a large life insurance company, where his advance has been spectacular. Mrs. Mills put in a year or two polishing up her monograph on age norms, but it irritated her so much to have her husband's pay envelope grow so much faster than hers that she went into the real estate business, and soon headed a thriving office of her own. Babies came, two of them, but Millicent promptly turned them over to a succession of maids, colored, Scotch and English, in whose hands they languished pitifully. For over three years there was a series of heavy colds, intestinal disorders, middle ear troubles and contagious diseases of varying severity. Whenever conditions got too bad, Millicent would throw up her job for a few days, but always resumed work, as conditions improved.

Aunt Margaret finally intervened. Milton, aged six, would probably have died if she hadn't. His ear had run all winter, he was fifteen pounds underweight, the doctor looked grave. Aunt Margaret moved in next door with her family of half grown children and mercifully took over the daytime care of her nephew and niece. Physically they improved immensely, but other difficulties developed. Aunt Margaret had been quite sensible with her own children, but the sight of these two neglected waifs moved her to such a passion of pity that she spoiled them abominably. When Milton a year later was taken to school he was so lacking in mental alertness and motor coördination that his teacher first thought he must be defective. Under the school régime he made great progress, and eventually even showed promise of brilliance. One great drawback soon became evident, however. Milton was too emotionally centred in Aunt Margaret and she was totally incapable of dealing with the situation. In fact because she knew that it was she who had snatched him from the grave, she was at constant war with the school. The school psychologist took up matters with Millicent.

"It seems heartless to suggest it," he said, "but you will have gradually to wean Milton away from his aunt, and I should say, win him over to a more normal relationship to yourself and to his father. That will take time, of course, on your part."

Millicent frowned. "How much time?" she asked.

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The psychologist looked baffled. "Well, these things can't be done in a hurry, you know. It may take six months, possibly a year."

Millicent threw up her job for exactly three weeks, just as she had often done in previous emergencies. But at the end of that time, she compromised. She hired an expensive English governess to "dilute" Aunt Margaret.

VI

Myra Tait adored being with her children, but she thought she ought not to be. It was unjust to them and unjust to herself. Children need to be freed of the too close scrutiny of their mothers, and mothers need to keep fresh their own mental powers. That's how the new gospel ran. And Mrs. Tait felt that it was valid.

So she hired an excellent trained nurse to be on duty at home, and took back her old job on the Industrial Commission. She saw her children more than most office executives, for her hours were more flexible. Still there were hearings in distant cities and absences from home for sometimes weeks at a time. During one of these absences, her eldest boy, ten years old, came down with scarlet fever. The case was not severe, and he seemed to be getting on all right. Mrs. Tait got back as soon as she could, and the doctor a few days later said the child might take his first outing. But in the night a rare and hideous and not yet understood complication set in, and in a few hours, the lad was dead.

Mrs. Tait has kept on with her job, not any longer because of any abstract principle. It is the only way she can keep going at all.

"Some people used to tell me," she said, "that children need their mothers. But oh, why did no one ever tell me that mothers need their children. . . ."

AGNES DE LIMA.

Washington Notes

IN one way I suppose it is not very flattering to Mr. Coolidge to find that newspapers and people not satisfied with major policies of his administration hold members of the Cabinet, usually regarded as subordinate, responsible and not himself. But politically, so long as his newspaper protection continues, it is helpful. To a different type of man it would of course be intolerable, but then it would not happen to a different type of man. To assail Mr. Mellon and ignore Mr. Coolidge for our timid and sordid debt policy and the sloppy, inconsistent statements given out in support of it, would seem to indicate belief that the President had little to do with the policy and knew less about it. To denounce Jardine and Hoover for administration failure adequately to deal with the agriculture problem; to oppose for reëlection Republican Senators who voted with the administration for the World Court, and omit any criticism of Mr. Coolidge; to inveigh against the stupidity of Sargent and Wilbur and ignore their noble chief; to attack poor Mr. Kellogg for governmental ineptitude in Nicaragua and Chile, with never a word about Mr. Coolidge—all this seems more or less absurd. Yet it is exactly what has been happening in the country since Congress adjourned.

In various sections and among a variety of elements there has been in the past two weeks an outbreak of criticism of the administration. It has come from certain Republican Senators, from various Republican papers heretofore hidebound in their loyalty, from elements in more than one state. The symptoms of dissatisfaction have been scattered. They have not been hooked up in the public mind—which is politically still in an unprecedentedly dopey state—but there has been enough to make the more watchful politicians in both parties realize that the day of general content is beginning to wane. It would not be accurate to call the criticism a revolt, but it is accurate to say that the general administration propaganda is wearing thin.

To me the interesting thing is that the heads the critics hit are those of the Cabinet officers, not that of Mr. Coolidge. When you analyze the attitude of the dissatisfied element it really is an unconscious recognition of the fact that what we have in this country now, and have had for three years, is less a Chief Executive than a symbol of prosperity, around whom protectively gather the great financial interests who really run the administration. The President in his luxurious Adirondack retreat ignores and is ignored by the critics. Placid, solemn, inert, he plays his own little game with a craft and cunning unmatched in our time. Avoiding all embarrassing subjects, keeping away from all critical or controversial issues, he calmly relies upon the press associations and special correspondents to preserve his front, to continue the illusion that his hand is on the helm, that after months of bearing heavy burdens he is taking a badly-needed rest, that he knows what it is all about. The fact is no President ever had less to do with guiding the ship or bore a lighter burden.

He has worries, of course, but the sort of things that worry him do not often get into the newspapers. When he left here two matters were causing Mr. Coolidge grave concern. He said nothing about his troubles to the correspondents, but the little inside Massachusetts group knew and suffered with him. One of these weighty matters was the Vermont political situation. The cold resentment of Mr. Coolidge toward Senator Dale, dating back not as has been stated merely to the failure of that gentleman to support him on his bonus veto, but to the fact that Dale had for years been the leader of the anti-Coolidge-Sargent faction in the state, had led him to approve the placing of his cousin, Ex-Governor Stickney, in the field as a candidate against Dale. After they got Stickney in they found that the Coolidge-Sargent backing was not enough and that he would not only be beaten, but very badly beaten. No wonder the insiders were worried. The hook-up with Stickney was too close and the purpose too patent not to have a defeat laid right on the Coolidge doormat in a more embarrassing way than in any other primary in the country. Also no one who knows Mr. Coolidge will doubt that he would take a primary

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defeat in Vermont more to heart than the defeat of any or all administration policies in Congress. He took this load of sorrow away with him hoping things might get better in Vermont. Instead they got worse and from the Kirkwood Camp the Coolidge support was secretly withdrawn. The venerable Sargent conferred with his partner and quiet announcement was made that Mr. Stickney's health compelled him to withdraw from the race.

Men who know tell me that no one not familiar with Vermont politics can appreciate how much Mr. Coolidge and Sargent hated to have to leave the field to Dale after having deliberately started a fight on him. It will, they say, come pretty close to spoiling the whole summer for the President. It must, though, be a relief that he did not go any further with the effort to punish Senator Dale, however much he may dislike the thought of the satisfied smirk with which that statesman now regards the situation.

The other matter which burdened the heart of the President as he left Washington and, my information is, still continues to worry him is the fact that one of the two little local bills he vetoed at the close of the session has seriously grieved two very big Republican Senators. The bill concerned oil and affected interests in both Utah and Wyoming. Mr. Coolidge vetoed it because Senator Borah took it into his head to tell him he ought to. The name of Mr. Fall was somehow remotely connected with the original lease and, so I am told, Edward T. Clarke, the personal Presidential Secretary, became alarmed. Between the two, Presidential caution took fright and he failed to sign the bill. My information is that it was a perfectly innocent and proper bill and that both Senator Smoot and Senator Warren had favored its passage.

My informants tell me that both Senators were more or less stunned that the bill was not signed—stunned, hurt and angry. They are not the kind—either of them—to air grievances of this sort, but neither are they the kind to forget them. A realization of these facts sank in at the White House after the veto and the Chief Executive carried away with him to the mountains an uneasy feeling that perhaps there is such a thing as being over-cautious. And I think he still has the feeling. So, of course he has his worries and his burdens. He does not bother much about the mountain of hate against us on the other side, or the failure of our foreign policy to get us anything but ill will. And he is not greatly concerned over the excitement among the farmers over the administration agricultural policy or lack of one, trusting that the price of corn and wheat will rise after awhile and everything will be forgiven. And he doesn't fret about the jar given good old Mr. Mellon as a result of the Pennsylvania primary results, subsequent exposures and his recent conflicting statements about the debt settlements. Those things leave him serene. But he does worry about having Senator Dale get away with the Vermont nomination and he is disturbed over the possibility of alienating Senators like Smoot and Warren, with their state delegations to the next national convention already in their pockets. He worries as much about those things as another sort of man would about another sort of thing. Everything is relative in this world.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Movies and Reality

PEOPLE say that the savage no longer exists in us, that we are at the fag-end of civilization, that everything has been said already, and that it is too late to be ambitious. But these philosophers have presumably forgotten the movies. They have never seen the savages of the twentieth century watching the pictures. They have never sat themselves in front of the screen and thought how, for all the clothes on their backs and the carpets at their feet, no great distance separates them from those bright-eyed, naked men who knocked two bars of iron together and heard in that clangor a foretaste of the music of Mozart.

The bars in this case, of course, are so highly wrought and so covered over with accretions of alien matter that it is extremely difficult to hear anything distinctly. All is hubble-bubble, swarm and chaos. We are peering over the edge of a cauldron in which fragments of all shapes and savors seem to simmer; now and again some vast form heaves itself up, and seems about to haul itself out of chaos. Yet, at first sight, the art of the cinema seems simple, even stupid. There is the King shaking hands with a football team; there is Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht; there is Jack Horner winning the Grand National. The eye licks it all up instantaneously, and the brain, agreeably titillated, settles down to watch things happening without bestirring itself to think. For the ordinary eye, the English unæsthetic eye, is a simple mechanism, which takes care that the body does not fall down coal-holes, provides the brain with toys and sweetmeats to keep it quiet, and can be trusted to go on behaving like a competent nursemaid until the brain comes to the conclusion that it is time to wake up. What is its surprise, then, to be roused suddenly in the midst of its agreeable somnolence and asked for help? The eye is in difficulties. The eye wants help. The eye says to the brain, "Something is happening which I do not in the least understand. You are needed." Together they look at the King, the boat, the horse, and the brain sees at once that they have taken on a quality which does not belong to the simple photograph of real life. They have become not more beautiful, in the sense in which pictures are beautiful, but shall we call it (our vocabulary is miserably insufficient) more real, or real with a different reality from that which we perceive in daily life? We behold them as they are when we are not there. We see life as it is when we have no part in it. As we gaze we seem to be removed from the pettiness of actual existence. The horse will not knock us down. The King will not grasp our hands. The wave will not wet our feet. From this point of vantage, as we watch the antics of our kind, we have time to feel pity and amusement, to generalize, to endow one man with the attributes of the race. Watching the boat sail and the wave break, we have time to open our minds wide to beauty and register on top of it the queer sensation—this beauty will continue, and this beauty will flourish whether we behold it or not. Further, all this happened ten years ago, we are told. We are beholding a world which has gone beneath the waves. Brides are emerging from the Abbey—they are now mothers; ushers are ardent—they are now silent;

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mothers are tearful; guests are joyful; this has been won and that has been lost, and it is over and done with. The War sprung its chasm at the feet of all this innocence and ignorance, but it was thus that we danced and pirouetted, toiled and desired, thus that the sun shone and the clouds scudded up to the very end.

But the picture-makers seem dissatisfied with such obvious sources of interest as the passage of time and the suggestiveness of reality. They despise the flight of gulls, ships on the Thames, the Prince of Wales, the Mile End Road, Piccadilly Circus. They want to be improving, altering, making an art of their own—naturally, for so much seems to be within their scope. So many arts seemed to stand by ready to offer their help. For example, there was literature. All the famous novels of the world, with their well known characters, and their famous scenes, only asked, it seemed, to be put on the films. What could be easier and simpler? The cinema fell upon its prey with immense rapacity, and to this moment largely subsists upon the body of its unfortunate victim. But the results are disastrous to both. The alliance is unnatural. Eye and brain are torn asunder ruthlessly as they try vainly to work in couples. The eye says: "Here is Anna Karenina." A voluptuous lady in black velvet wearing pearls comes before us. But the brain says: "That is no more Anna Karenina than it is Queen Victoria." For the brain knows Anna almost entirely by the inside of her mind—her charm, her passion, her despair. All the emphasis is laid by the cinema upon her teeth, her pearls, and her velvet. Then "Anna falls in love with Vronsky"—that is to say, the lady in black velvet falls into the arms of a gentleman in uniform, and they kiss with enormous succulence, great deliberation, and infinite gesticulation on a sofa in an extremely well appointed library, while a gardener incidentally mows the lawn. So we lurch and lumber through the most famous novels of the world. So we spell them out in words of one syllable written, too, in the scrawl of an illiterate schoolboy. A kiss is love. A broken cup is jealousy. A grin is happiness. Death is a hearse. None of these things has the least connection with the novel that Tolstoy wrote, and it is only when we give up trying to connect the pictures with the book that we guess from some accidental scene—like the gardener mowing the lawn—what the cinema might do if it were left to its own devices.

But what, then, are its devices? If it ceased to be a parasite, how would it walk erect? At present it is only from hints that one can frame any conjecture. For instance, at a performance of Doctor Caligari the other day, a shadow shaped like a tadpole suddenly appeared at one corner of the screen. It swelled to an immense size, quivered, bulged, and sank back again into nonentity. For a moment it seemed to embody some monstrous, diseased imagination of the lunatic's brain. For a moment it seemed as if thought could be conveyed by shape more effectively than by words. The monstrous, quivering tadpole seemed to be fear itself, and not the statement, "I am afraid." In fact, the shadow was accidental, and the effect unintentional. But if a shadow at a certain moment can suggest so much more than the actual gestures and words of men and women in a state of fear, it seems plain that the cinema has within its grasp innumerable symbols for emotions that have so far failed to find expression. Terror has, besides its ordinary forms, the shape of a tadpole; it burgeons, bulges, quivers, disappears. Anger is not merely rant and rhetoric, red faces and clenched fists. It is perhaps a black line wriggling upon a white sheet. Anna and Vronsky need no longer scowl and grimace. They have at their command—but what? Is there, we ask, some secret language which we feel and see, but never speak, and, if so, could this be made visible to the eye? Is there any characteristic which thought possesses that can be rendered visible without the help of words? It has speed and slowness; dartlike directness and vaporous circumlocution. But it has also, especially in moments of emotion, the picture-making power, the need to lift its burden to another bearer; to let an image run side by side along with it. The likeness of the thought is, for some reason, more beautiful, more comprehensible, more available than the thought itself. As everybody knows, in Shakespeare the most complex ideas form chains of images through which we mount, changing and turning, until we reach the light of day. But, obviously, the images of a poet are not to be cast in bronze, or traced by pencil. They are compact of a thousand suggestions of which the visual is only the most obvious or the uppermost. Even the simplest image: "My luve's like a red, red rose, that's newly sprung in June," presents us with impressions of moisture and warmth and the glow of crimson and the softness of petals inextricably mixed and strung upon the lilt of a rhythm which is itself the voice of the passion and hesitation of the lover. All this, which is accessible to words, and to words alone, the cinema must avoid.

Yet if so much of our thinking and feeling is connected with seeing, some residue of visual emotion which is of no use either to painter or to poet may still await the cinema. That such symbols will be quite unlike the real objects which we see before us seems highly probable. Something abstract, something which moves with controlled and conscious art, something which calls for the very slightest help from words or music to make itself intelligible, yet justly uses them subserviently—of such movements and abstractions the films may, in time to come, be composed. Then, indeed, when some new symbol for expressing thought is found, the film-maker has enormous riches at his command. The exactitude of reality and its surprising power of suggestion are to be had for the asking. Annas and Vronskys—there they are in the flesh. If into this reality he could breathe emotion, could animate the perfect form with thought, then his booty could be hauled in hand over hand. Then, as smoke pours from Vesuvius, we should be able to see thought in its wildness, in its beauty, in its oddity, pouring from men with their elbows on a table; from women with their little handbags slipping to the floor. We should see these emotions mingling together and affecting each other.

We should see violent changes of emotion produced by their collision. The most fantastic contrasts could be flashed before us with a speed which the writer can only toil after in vain; the dream architecture of arches and battlements, of cascades falling and fountains rising, which sometimes visits us in sleep or shapes itself in half-darkened rooms, could be realized before our waking eyes. No fan-

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tasy could be too far-fetched or insubstantial. The past could be unrolled, distances annihilated, and the gulfs which dislocate novels (when, for instance, Tolstoy has to pass from Levin to Anna, and in so doing jars his story and wrenches and arrests our sympathies) could, by the sameness of the background, by the repetition of some scene, be smoothed away.

How all this is to be attempted, much less achieved, no one at the moment can tell us. We get intimations only in the chaos of the streets, perhaps, when some momentary assembly of color, sound, movement suggests that here is a scene waiting a new art to be transfixed. And sometimes at the cinema in the midst of its immense dexterity and enormous technical proficiency, the curtain parts and we behold, far off, some unknown and unexpected beauty. But it is for a moment only. For a strange thing has happened —while all the other arts were born naked, this, the youngest, has been born fully clothed. It can say everything before it has anything to say. It is as if the savage tribe, instead of finding two bars of iron to play with, had found, scattering the seashore, fiddles, flutes, saxophones, trumpets, grand pianos by Erard and Bechstein, and had begun with incredible energy, but without knowing a note of music, to hammer and thump upon them all at the same time.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

Book-Galleries and Book-Shops

WHEN Brentano's, stranded among the rising tide of textiles, announced its intention of following the other book-stores uptown, one had a depressing vision of its future. One saw it transformed into another Fifth Avenue book-palace, deliberately magnificent and practically unsatisfactory.

But these fears have been proved vain. The new Brentano's turns out to possess the same admirable features as the old: the varied and enormous stock, the easily accessible galleries, the comprehensive foreign departments administered by clerks who understand the languages of the literatures to which they are accredited and the fascinating display of periodicals on the tables of the basement. Nor has it acquired an uptown atmosphere of the kind which has rendered some of the other book-stores rather oppressive: it has neither the glitter and vastness of a Scribner's nor the darkness and solemnity of a Dutton's. Though far more luxurious than the old place, its decorations are of rather a jolly kind. The principal motif is an acorn and oakleaf garland which appears, against brown woodwork and white ceilings, in varying combinations of pink, green and brown, like the holly designs on the boxes that Christmas presents come in. And on the stair-landing going down to the basement appears a large and very lively mural depicting the inside of the new shop itself, in which, against a red background formed by the mountainous back of a lady looking at books on the counter, another lady of a different type, with pale blond hair and blue eyes, a little wasted in figure perhaps and a little haggard from too much study, but with an intense spiritual exaltation in her lifted and rapturous eyes, is seen holding aloft an open book which, after long search and beyond all expectation, she has evidently just succeeded in finding on Brentano's shelves; while, from the lower left-hand corner, a little girl in a coat with big buttons regards her triumph with sympathy and innocence.

In execution, this remarkable picture recalls the cartoons of strong men and snake charmers which are displayed outside the tents of side-shows at circuses and county fairs. But it is really more precisely akin to the old-fashioned hand-painted signs which used to be hung outside shops and of which very few specimens now survive in New York: the advertisement for rented dress suits at Sixth Avenue and Forty-third Street, the savage dog on lower Fifth Avenue ripping the trousers of a gentleman of the eighties (who will subsequently have them perfectly mended by the tailor on the second floor), and the pink pigs which still appear on the delivery wagons of certain downtown butchers. The lady finding the book at Brentano's is, like these, a little ridiculous; but, like them, she will become familiar until we feel for her a kind of affection which we never feel for modern advertisements. For one thing, she is permanent: she will not be discarded for something else next fall. And, for another, she is unique: we have to go to Brentano's to see her; we shall not find her reproduced in magazines or on the signboards along the railway.

But her greatest merit is that, as I have said, she is frankly a sign over a shop. And, in this, she admirably represents the greatest merit of Brentano's, which lies precisely in its not having been ashamed to remain an old-fashioned book-store at the service of the general public, offering to sell to all kinds of people and undertaking to supply them with all kinds of books. The other large book sellers of New York have been tending in a different direction. One gets the impression from them that their wares are no longer to be considered as intellectual currency, but as objects of luxury. They go in especially for eighteenth century editions bought up by their scouts in England, regilded in America and sold for six times the original price, and for red, green and blue morocco "library sets" bound so stiffly that it is impossible to open them, but labeled with the titles of the complete collected writings of such important American authors as Frank Stockton, Weir Mitchell, Ik Marvel and Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

The most blighting influence on the New York bookshops has, however, been the traffic in first editions and other rarities. The modern inflation in the prices of rare books is said to be an American achievement: Doctor Rosenbach, the dean of the trade, is reputed to have put up the prices of rare books through the whole European world. And, in any case, the exploitation of them has become an important field of commerce in New York. There are book galleries, just as there are art galleries. In the shadow of Doctor Rosenbach's magnificent establishment on Madison Avenue (which deals in other valuable antiques as well), there have appeared a whole group of minor galleries, the most ambitious of which aim to emulate Doctor Rosenbach in getting away as far as possible from the conventional machinery and appearance of a shop and in producing the impression of a very swell private house with

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heavy wrought-iron doors, a hushed atmosphere of carpets and low voices and a set of large elaborately carved chairs invoking the Italian Renaissance. And the ordinary dealers are developing departments which have all the same characteristics as the galleries, luxuriously gloomy safety deposit vaults to which one is admitted only on request and as if by special authorization, and in which Gutenberg Bibles, erotica and first editions of Max Beerbohm are religiously preserved. The whole business tends to be presided over by plump young Jews with white soft hands, heavily upholstered in ceremonious clothes; sharp and relentless Englishmen and Irishmen with a flair for exploiting American snobbery; and taciturn and irritable old men, with ragged mustaches and eye-glasses, who seem to live in a continual state of morose trepidation for fear somebody may ask them for a copy of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—types, in short, very similar to those which are produced by the other galleries.

But the picture galleries, depressing as they are as a sign of the narrow and unpopular cult which the plastic arts have become, have a certain justification. There can be only one of every painting, so that its value as a rarity is really inseparable from its value as a work of art. But this is not true of literature: there is no virtue in first editions: one would usually rather read some later edition in which the mistakes have been corrected. First editions are as profoundly boring to people genuinely interested in literature as they seem to be absorbing to people who, feeling deficiencies of intellect or education, try to supply them by buying not only books, but the distinction of letters. I do not deny that there is an art of the printer and the book-maker; but it is usually pretty meagrely represented among the treasures of the New York book-merchants. And even the handsomest eighteenth century Horace or the clearest volume of the Grands Ecrivains Français has a way of proving wearisome to hold and impracticable to carry on the train.

This whole side of American book-selling is almost enough to disgust people fond of literature with the accumulation of books in any form. One of the most remarkable living American writers, at an early period in his life when he did most of his reading on street-cars, finding himself much encumbered by a particularly bulky volume, formed the habit of tearing out the sections he had read and throwing them away. It is often necessary for critics and students to accumulate large libraries; but it is doubtful whether any first-rate man of letters ever took the possession of books seriously. And it is less difficult for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a collector of first editions to enter the Kingdom of Literature.

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Democrats and the Two-Thirds Rule

SIR: May I dissent from G. F. Milton's assumption that the nomination of Wilson weakens his thesis that the two-thirds rule has produced a train of disasters? Far more than two-thirds of the American people would, in the writer's opinion, endorse the view that the administration of Wilson was a culminating calamity of the first magnitude. But for the two-thirds rule Champ Clark would have been nominated and it is certain that no American troops would ever have been sent to Europe if he had been elected.

Canton, Pa. JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

SIR: The article on the One Third Rule in your issue of July 14 illustrates how one can write three long pages and miss the most important and the most obvious point. The real reason for the two-thirds rule is not anything of recent date such as the "booze" issue, but the historic tradition of the Democratic party since its foundation, viz., regard for states' sovereignty. So long as Democratic states in the South enforce the Unit Rule so that the entire vote of a state is cast by a mere majority of its delegates, it will always be possible to manipulate a majority out of an actual minority of delegates. The two-thirds rule prevents such a minority nomination. Nor is any Democratic convention likely to abolish it—Mr. Milton to the contrary notwithstanding—unless the unit rule is also abolished.

New York, N. Y. MORRIS R. COHEN.

Electric Power for the Farm at Cost

SIR: In discussing the possibilities of electric power, let us not overlook the importance of electricity on the farm. There are now in operation five different systems or methods by which the farmers are getting electric power at cost. At Webster City, Iowa; at Granite Falls, Minnesota; at Wahoo, Nebraska; at Minidoka, Idaho, and in Ontario, the farmers are getting cheap electric power. And each of these is a type illustrating a different method of securing *power at cost.*

At Webster City—and a great many other places—the municipality has extended its power service into the adjoining rural communities and supplies the farmers with electric power substantially at cost. At Granite Falls, Minnesota, the farmers built their own transmission lines and buy power of the municipal plant at three cents a kilowatt hour. Nine years of experience has shown a cost of one cent for transmission so that the farmers there are getting their power at a total of four cents a kilowatt hour.

Electric power at four cents an hour out on the farms is an unheard of proposition in private power company circles or literature.

At Wahoo, Nebraska, the farmers have organized a power district as a means of getting power at cost. They are battling bravely in the state legislature and courts for enabling legislation to this end. On the Minidoka project of the United States Government Reclamation Service, rural rates for electric service are even lower than in the other cases mentioned. And there again, it is service *at cost.*

In Ontario, where the Hydro-Electric Power Commission is serving some 384 cities and 131 rural communities, also *at cost,* the rural rates are very low. Moreover, the Commission "as an aid to agriculture" advances one half the cost of installing the service.

Here are some suggestions as to how the agricultural conditions may be improved in this country that are almost revolutionary in their possibilities. We would be very glad to supply the New Republic or any of your readers with details concerning these public power projects.

THE PUBLIC OWNERSHIP LEAGUE.

Chicago, Ill.

Mussolini No Machiavelli

SIR: May I be allowed to say that I wrote (or meant to) "Mussolini is *not* Machiavellian . . . enough, etc.," in my recent letter?

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Silver Lake, N. H.

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What Professors Think

Moral Philosophy, by Warner Fite. New York: The Dial Press. 320 pages. $3.50.

GOING to school is not usually accounted a dangerous occupation. But this is only because it is possible to attend school without being scholarly. Most "students"—or perhaps we had better say undergraduates!—have a constitutional immunity to education. They are all inoculated; but it doesn't take. This may or may not be a good thing for them. Professors usually think not; parents and, surprisingly enough, trustees, usually think it is. But all agree that the virus is there. What a sad thing it is that young people cannot complete their juvenile careers without at least running the risk of being upset by some professor! A certain trustee was once moved to complain upon this subject before his board. His daughter, it seemed, had returned from her junior year voicing the most preposterous opinions on subjects properly considered quite beyond the decent range of a young woman's interests. In the course of setting her right, her trustee parent elicited from her that in college the students were encouraged to think for themselves. This, said the trustee, is intolerable. Professors who take this attitude toward their students ought not to be retained. But, returned the president, would you have the professors tell their students what they think? I assure you, the opinions of professors are far wider from what a banker would think proper than the ideas of any student!

This president was a rare bird. Presidents seldom tell trustees the truth. But they all know that what this man said of faculties is true. The virus is there. Faculties are largely made up of men who have been upset themselves so badly that they have never got over it. That is why they have become professors. In part they have been unfitted for doing anything else. They lack the settled and obvious convictions which the world demands in those to whom its business is entrusted. In this sense Shaw was right in saying "those who can't, teach." What else is there for them to do? They have perforce discovered the truth in Warner Fite's remark, "He who makes sophistication his profession should not expect repose"; and in this state of inward agitation they turn to the quiet academic grove as the only place where men are allowed to agitate in peace.

So doing, they make it also their profession to upset the young not only to square accounts with civilization for having been themselves upset, but because they actually believe in sophistication. Professors always have. Not long ago a certain professor of religion interrogated several hundreds of men in various walks of life upon their belief in God. His results revealed many things, and among them two interesting facts concerning the professors. They of all classes believed the least in God, and they of all classes professed the least certainty what such a question could mean, anyhow. This might be interpreted as meaning that professors don't know what they think; but it might also be interpreted as meaning that others don't think about what they "know." Professor Fite favors the latter view.

> Religious scepticism may easily stand for a juster sense of the meaning of religion than that religious pragmatism which so readily changes the character of God to suit the needs of the times. A man may say "that there is no God," not at all because he is a "fool," but because, precisely in his "heart," he knows too certainly what he is seeking.

In other words, the difficulty, as the professor sees it, lies not only in knowing, but to some degree in the nature of the universe to be known. Men are unsettled not by closing their eyes in comfortable acquiescence to the prevailing winds of superstition, but by looking too steadily at what actually is.

> How can one—I will not say that one cannot—but how does one face modern astronomy and yet believe in God? [cries Professor Fite in another passage.] For it is in the contemplation of the astronomical universe that we face the deeper mystery of our existence; and of this universe, not as displayed in the calm beauty of a star-lit night, but as unfolded by the science of astronomy. Here we are bidden to remember that the earth, which is to us so vast, is but one of the minor planets in one of the countless systems; that only very recently, geologically and astronomically speaking, has the earth supported life, and yet that the human race has existed for hundred thousands, possibly millions, of years. But only for a few thousand years does the race seem to have been very human or to have had any clear consciousness of itself as a race; and of the millions upon millions of souls who have doubtless lived during this historic period, for each of whom doubtless, as for you and me, his own life and the fate of his own soul has seemed to be the central and important fact of the universe, the names of only a few survive. What, then, does the world know about you or me? What indeed is the whole realm of life but a fortuitous concourse of atoms at one point in an infinity of space and time?

If the heavens reveal the absence of God, whose fault is that?

To encounter such mental hazards, as a golfing man would call them, it is not necessary to be a Galileo or a La Place; this is the course all professors play. Professor Fite pretends to no peculiar insights. He wears the mien not of a Plato or a Kant, but of a professor ordenarius, as the Germans eloquently say, the common or Princeton variety of pedagogue. He has never been the drum-major of any movement, nor a member of the fife and drum corps of any other prophet. Outside the ranks of the American Philosophical Association, where he is by no means without honor, he is a relatively unknown man. So are most professors. Yet he is no mere heckler of little boys. Intellectually he is an individualist. He has preferred thinking his own thoughts to building an imposing system. So do most professors. To the dismay of the trustee parent (if he knows about it) he makes it his practice, as most of his colleagues do, to encourage students to think for themselves.

That is his philosophy: the necessity of thinking for oneself. In morals—the unconstricting subject of the present volume—he is no narrow scholastic, pinning everything on the rigid formulas of any "doctrine." What he wants us to understand is that we cannot be moral without understanding; that morality is a matter of satisfied understanding of the issues and conditions of our lives. This is a broad truth, but one from which we are only too eager to escape by crawling through the loopholes of definition. Few men have written on it more wisely, more restrainingly, or more disturbingly than Warner Fite. In his hands this simple truth takes many forms. Consider,

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for example, the labor problem. We demand that labor admit its responsibility to the state. Yet how can we ask men to labor from a sense of moral responsibility, says the philosopher, when we deny them the only possible basis of moral conduct, namely responsible participation in direction and control? We cannot impute responsibility without bestowing rights.

> Faced with this situation, it is useless to tell [the laboring classes] authoritatively where they belong; precisely from the moral standpoint, that remains to be seen. Nor will it avail to refer to the superior wisdom of the intelligent classes. Alas, I fear that, by the side of many of the labor men, the economic philosophy of "the intelligent classes" is only too often naïve! And it is rather late in the day for "the fear of God." They have been warned; and it is a peculiarity of the moral world that, although you may perhaps enlighten the unenlightened, you cannot so well disenlighten the enlightened.

If the world of business is a moral chaos, we seem to hear the professor asking, whose fault is that? A questionnaire to this effect should be circulated among trustees!

C. E. Ayres.

Billion Dollar Diplomacy

American Foreign Investments, by Robert W. Dunn. New York: The Viking Press. 421 pages. $5.

Dollar Diplomacy, A Study in American Imperialism, by Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman. New York: The Viking Press. 353 pages. $2.50.

THESE two volumes constitute a praiseworthy attempt to analyze the commercial and financial driving-forces of American foreign policy. To be sure, their methods of approach are fundamentally different. Mr. Dunn's volume is a purely factual study. Although the author is aware that the imposing and steadily mounting total of American foreign investments "will certainly lead to significant political results," he makes it clear that with diplomatic consequences "this book is not concerned, as it is obviously not a work of interpretation or prophecy. It concerns itself exclusively with breaking up into understandable units the several billion dollars representing the present investment of United States citizens beyond the seas." Messrs. Nearing and Freeman, on the other hand, set no such narrowly circumscribed limits to their work. They concern themselves not merely with the development of American economic interests abroad, but with the diplomatic and military support which from time to time has been rendered these interests by the various agencies of the federal government. They are firmly convinced that American foreign policy is imperialistic and that American diplomacy has been skilful in adapting itself to the refined technique of modern imperialism. It is apparent from the start, therefore, that Messrs. Nearing and Freeman and their book will grate on the nerves of those patriots who labor under a profound conviction concerning the disinterestedness of American policies, who dislike the term imperialism (as being too European and Japanese), and who therefore stubbornly refuse to permit it to be applied to their beloved country.

Mr. Dunn's book, however, will arouse no opposition. It is an arsenal of statistical ammunition capable of filling the rifles of the international banker or the crusading anti-imperialist or the professor on a secluded college campus. One may swell with pride at the intelligence vouchsafed by Mr. Dunn that the world now acknowledges an indebtedness to the United States (including inter-governmental loans) in excess of twenty billion dollars; on the other hand, one may be horrified that any single nation should hold such a lien on the lives and fortunes of other peoples. Nevertheless, there stands that staggering, incomprehensible figure of twenty billions of dollars, an astronomical number out of reach of the statistician who would reduce it to tangible terms. But it is the merit of Mr. Dunn's book that it breaks this sum into "understandable units." This is done, first, by a functional classification of outstanding loans, showing the status of lender and borrower and the purpose to which the proceeds are to be devoted, and second, by a classification according to regions and individual countries. About one-third—and the most valuable single portion—of the volume is devoted to a census of American foreign investments arranged according to borrowing countries.

To take a single example, American investments in Guatemala, according to Mr. Dunn, approximate fifty million dollars. As a portion of the grand total of twenty billions this is insignificant. Reduced to Mr. Dunn's "understandable units," however, it means that 567 of the 575 miles of railway in the country are owned by Americans; that the mining and engineering enterprises of the country are almost entirely in American control; that an American bank controls the coffee plantations and an American company the export of their product; that one-fifteenth of all the land in Guatemala is owned by a single American fruit company; that the electric light and power and radio-telegraph facilities of the country are controlled from New York. Guatemala is a "sovereign" state, but it hardly can be said to control its own destinies.

In appendices Mr. Dunn gives the text of typical concessions and bankers' loan contracts which leave no doubt of the political implications of foreign investments and which support, in general, the contentions of Messrs. Nearing and Freeman.

In a work such as Mr. Dunn's, however scrupulously and patiently performed, there is always the possibility of a wide margin of error. Mr. Dunn himself explains at some length the evasiveness and deficiency of his source material and is quite prepared to admit that the results of his research may be incomplete if not inaccurate. Nevertheless, this is an original and pioneer work to which subsequent authors will owe much and for which discriminating students of international affairs will be grateful.

Whether one agrees with Messrs. Nearing and Freeman that the United States is imperialistic will largely reflect his individual opinions on the national foreign policy. But be it said in justification of their thesis that they did not invent the term "dollar diplomacy." It was in wide use during the tenure of William Howard Taft in the White House and of Philander C. Knox in the Department of State; so far from being ashamed of the designation the Taft administration gloried in it. But if there is anything at all in the contentions of Messrs. Nearing and Freeman, and if Mr. Dunn's statistics are within a billion or two of accuracy and completeness, the authors in a subsequent edition should re-name their book Billion Dollar Diplomacy. The lesser designation hardly does justice to our present position in world affairs.

The government of the United States, of course, has never pleaded guilty to a charge of imperialism. On the

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contrary, on numerous occasions its spokesmen have disclaimed any connection with a vicious system so characteristic of old-world diplomacy. These disclaimers occupy little of the time and consideration of Messrs. Nearing and Freeman; aware of the protestations of innocence which have emanated from other governments in the past, they insist that the facts should speak for themselves. First, in an admirable opening chapter, they trace the phenomenal rise of the United States to economic world power during the past generation. This portion of their book is unexceptionable. Then follows the body of the volume, a section entitled American Imperialism in Action, which analyzes the methods by which economic enterprises abroad have become associated with the national interest and the national interest associated with economic interests abroad. Herein the authors analyze what might be called the technique of American imperialism, including peaceful economic penetration (as in Canada, Bolivia and elsewhere), spheres of influence (as in China), political regulation (as in Mexico), armed intervention (as in Haiti, the Dominican Republic and Nicaragua), acquisition without annexation (Cuba), conquest and purchase (as in the Philippines and the Virgin Islands), war debts and settlements (as applied to the Allies). A final section of the work deals with The Growth of Imperial Policy—a brief historical sketch designed to show that time-honored policies, such as the Monroe Doctrine, have been adapted to the changed economic relations of the United States with the rest of the world. Unlike the opening chapter of the book, these latter sections are open to many a challenge.

To begin with, it is difficult to see how American policy as applied to the payment of war debts—although admittedly "dollar diplomacy"—may be classified as imperialism. Aside from the authors' opinion that the debt settlements and the Dawes plan are a process of "stripping economic rivals," the linking of interrallied debts and reparations with dollar investments in Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and elsewhere is misleading to say the least. In inception, purpose and practical operation there are such fundamental differences between the two classes of loans that the attempt to place them in a single category is unfortunate. What is more, it tends to weaken the entire volume by creating the impression that where the facts do not fit the thesis, they are stretched, cramped, or warped to make them fit. A similar impression is created by the designation of China and the Near East as American spheres of interest. Whatever may have been the original American intentions in Manchuria, it is fantastic to say that China or any part of it is now a sphere of interest of the United States. As to the Near East, no such pretension is permissible, however much one may magnify the importance of the now defunct Chester concessions.

Messrs. Nearing and Freeman are at their best when they analyze in detail a definite situation, rather than when they venture afield to make generalizations and render sweeping judgments. Their explanation of the Bolivian loan of 1922 will repay careful reading. There is a striking similarity between this loan, with its far-reaching implications, and those tortuous methods by which European financiers so thoroughly shackled the pre-war Ottoman Empire. Americans who are fond of dilating upon European imperialism in the Near East might take Bolivia into thoughtful consideration.

It is the opinion of the authors of Dollar Diplomacy that imperialism is an inevitable phase of capitalism, the implication being that there can be no destruction of imperialism without the destruction of capitalism. That there is a close relationship between these two phenomena cannot be seriously questioned. It is quite apparent that if capitalism cannot regulate imperialism, imperialism ultimately will destroy capitalism. This doubtless would please Messrs. Nearing and Freeman. But it would not necessarily destroy imperialism, for one of the extraordinary features of the Soviet régime in eastern Europe and in Asia is that it has put new life into a Russian imperialism which appeared to be weakening under the old régime.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

Imperial Romance

The Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and the New, by Roger Bigelow Merriman. Volume III: The Emperor. New York: The Macmillan Company. 695 pages. $5.50.

FOR the Common Reader the highest interest of the third volume of this brilliant and scholarly history lies in its comprehensiveness. It is a frequent experience of the Common Reader of history—or a frequent experience of my own at least, as such a reader—to find one's perusal attended by an uneasy effort to place the scene in hand, in relation to the contemporary history of the period. For this purpose this book, like its two predecessors in the series, is a boon.

In surveying the entire reign of Charles V, including the precedent regency of Ximenez, the narrative presents an immense synchronic panorama which not only adds to one's knowledge, but orients one's former information. Without detailed statement, the author's synthetic power enables one to realize—for instance—that in the year when Charles gave Luther a safe conduct from the Diet of Worms, Hernando Cortés and his men were launching their brigantines on the lake of Tezcuco for the conquest of Mexico. When Elizabeth of England was a little girl of nine, before the publication of the system of Copernicus, before the birth of William Shakespeare, Coronado's men had looked into the thousand-terraced depths of the Grand Canyon, and ridden and marched over Texas and Kansas, up through the great buffalo plains.

Enriched with a remarkable supply of new material, with it Georg Sauermann's fascinating Hispaniæ Consolatio—this history continues the vivid analysis of Spanish separatism of the two former volumes, and their contributive description of various Old World phenomena as the natural causes of later situations in the New World.

The scholarship of the Indian history of the period, however, seems of utterly different quality from the brilliant documentation of the Spanish rule. The tale of the Indians not only lacks clear and well founded differentiation among the types of American natives, but the power of sympathetic imagination of the wild fortunes, the horror and courage of their sixteenth century struggle.

To dedicate the series to Prescott is well enough. But what a pity to perpetuate the tradition of his tableau-like Indian history! To paint his romantic picture Prescott was obliged to evade the great and numerous, realistic, sixteenth century records of Las Casas, with their forthright tale of a Hernando Cortés curiously like the Lieutenant in What Price Glory, and their immortal and convincing picture of ruffianism. An evasion which appears the least admirable episode of Prescott's documentation, eighty-two years ago, appears still less justified in a Harvard history written today.

It is true that Doctor Merriman's Cortés is very much

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like almost everyone else's Cortés, except Las Casas's and Bernal Diaz's. True, too, that the romanticism of Doctor Merriman's portrait is qualified by his fine, straightforward story of Cortés's miserable dealings with Guatemoc. Indeed it is less against Doctor Merriman's picture of the conquistador for itself than against it as in the main an instance—though not an extreme instance—of all the customary romanticization of pet bullies prevalent in imperialist history, that the present reviewer is moved to protest.

We have heard lately a large outcry against the demoralization of youthful audiences by the idealization of ruffianism in the movies and in "Confession" magazines. On this score what is to be said of all our conventional, academic idealization of the more beloved ruffians of history? Isn't the traditional, romantic, "picturesque" collegiate interpretation of the atrocities of a Cortés, a Ponce de Leon, a Cellini, an interpretation offered in the name of historical scholarship, and with the prestige of worldly sophistication—so powerful in our snobbish land—more potent than any of the efforts of the art of the less expensive auditoriums, and "low-brow" periodicals could ever be in blinding the vision of youth concerning the actual ways of human violence, of cowardly oppressions, and shabby cruelties in the real world, both past and present?

Indeed, doesn't the very fact that the academic idealization of ruffianism is disinterested, is free from commercialism and proceeds from motives above reproach make it all the more blinding and misleading?

"The facts as they actually existed were doubtless bad enough," says Doctor Merriman of the inhumanities of the conquistadores. "But no reasonable person would rely solely on the testimony of Las Casas in regard to them any more than he would take John Fox's description as his only authority for the sufferings of the Marian martyrs."

This is begging the question. One's objection to Doctor Merriman's conventionally idealized record of the Spanish Empire in the New World is not that its interpretation relies solely on the testimony of Las Casas, but that it can hardly be said to admit that testimony at all.

The account of Las Casas's own life, too, though excellent concerning his relation to Afro-American slavery, is strangely superficial in its representation of his superb contest for Indian liberation. More serious is the inadequacy of the great roll of Indian heroisms in the effort against their race's submission to human bondage.

"It is seldom remembered," says Herbert Bolton in Spanish Borderlands, "that the first battles for freedom fought on American soil were fought by the red natives."

In this knowledge this book is weak. One finds the short range of its vision in this direction the most unsatisfactory quality of its lack of realism in recounting native oppressions.

"Historical vision," says Oswald Spengler, "belongs to the domain of significances in which the crucial words are not 'correct' and 'erroneous,' but 'deep' and 'shallow.'"

Highly valuable in its relation to the history of Europeans on the western continent, in its impression of the native qualities and fortunes of the Indian inhabitants of the New World, the volume hardly belongs to this "domain of significances." In spite of its comprehensiveness the series up to this point has never focused nor included Indian history in the tale of the liberation war of humanity.

This is an unfinished story. Perhaps the fourth book of the series will contain a clearer and more profound presentation of inter-racial life.

EDITH WYATT.

Three Poets

Cyclops' Eye, by Joseph Auslander. New York: Harper and Brothers. 129 pages. $2.

NO one of the younger American poets has made more rapid progress than Joseph Auslander. From Sunrise Trumpets to Cyclops' Eye is only two years in the matter of publication dates, but judged by any other standard the interval is a great one, for the new book brings evidence of much emotional and intellectual experience, of a strengthened grip on poetic technique, of hard, clear thinking and zealous workmanship. If there were some indications of facility in the first collection, there are none in the second. Here every line is hammered and chiseled. Clay has given way to marble.

Mr. Auslander's temperament has not changed materially, however. He is as much as ever devoted to the sombre. But he is coming nearer to human life. His first poems derived more from nature than from man; they were songs from a dark wood, written to the melody of subterranean streams, reflecting occasional gleams of gold from a distant sun. His new poems arise from the world of men, on whom falls the shadow of death, a shadow pierced sometimes by the rays of human love.

The Cyclops' eye that glows in the poet's heart sees a world of violence, of bitterness, of longing unfulfilled. Even through the enchantment of April reaches the dead hand, chilling life to the marrow. Spectres of evil walk the lighted avenue; on a barren branch a crow images a "black immortality." Steve, a steel-worker, dazed and beaten by toil, allows his head to be crushed by a machine; a riveter, reaching too far into space, drops like the uncaught rivet, a modern Icarus.

But these poems, gloomy as they are, have in them magnificent effects. Their rhythms are rich and compelling, their rhymes skilful to the point of virtuosity, their figures vital, their diction brilliant. Mr. Auslander really creates new phrases, and about them is a kind of exuberant freshness, a virility, that reminds one of Elizabethan poetry. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he never uses the strange word or the challenging phrase for its own sake. He is not a word juggler. He is honest always in his effort to keep language the servant of thought.

What is missing in the book is humor. It contains not a single smile. And it seems to this reviewer that poetry without an element of humor falls short of greatness—at least when it is dealing with grim realities. Shelley, the ecstatic idealist, may do without it, but Housman, Hardy and Frost may not. The pessimist is the one man who can laugh intelligently, and if he does not, we discount his right to evaluate life. Meredith's theory that civilization may be measured by its intellectual humor has been pretty widely accepted.

Cyclops' Eye may be considered the second stage in Mr. Auslander's development as a poet. It represents his escape from the misty world of dreams into the world of human experience. His next step must be to that hill of vision from which the artist looks down sympathetically, but whimsically, as a half-god, upon the earthly scene.

Scarlet and Mellow, by Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Boni and Liveright. 84 pages. $2.

MR. KREYMBORG is an eccentric poet. He never resists a whim. In consequence of this he is terribly elusive. He leads one a breathless chase in and out

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of moods, over, around and through ideas, coming to a stop—temporarily—just where he started. Some incidents of the chase are quite clear to the follower; others are chaotic in his memory, the action having been too swift, the glimpse too brief.

The title of the present volume is derived from the names of two characters in one of the author's plays, characters who symbolize revolt and convention. Here they refer rather to manner than to thought, to conventional forms and free forms, in which two types of poetry the author is equally skilful.

Mr. Kreymborg's musical training has been apparent in all his writing, and its evidence is not diminished in Scarlet and Mellow. Many of these new poems suggest instrumental improvisations, tenderly conceived, deftly executed. Swift fingers and muted strings are sensed behind each movement.

The author has already christened himself Troubadour, and the name is just, for it implies grace and gaiety underlaid with spiritual earnestness. He might with equal justness be christened Harlequin, for his wit is nimble and his soul is superbly acrobatic. Like the hero of the commedia dell' arte, he is compounded of pranks and wistfulness. He comes in through the window, makes love to the pretty lady, tweaks the nose of her father, and hurries away to discuss philosophy with the learned doctor.

Scarlet and Mellow contains less of the whimsical, near-nonsense kind of poetry than one might expect from its author. There are flashes of the old manner, the elaborated Mother Goose style, but it is subordinated to a more mature playfulness that is not unlike that of Robert Frost. Puppetry, of which Mr. Kreymborg is avowedly fond, seems gradually to be giving way to humanism. And yet, fortunately enough, this humanism retains the charm of the harlequinade.

Fiddler's Farewell, by Leonora Speyer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 113 pages. $2.

THIS is Mrs. Speyer's second book of poems, and it exhibits, as might be imagined, a widening range of vision, a fuller tone. It contains forty-odd lyrics, most of them in conventional stanza forms, heavily rhymed, and pulsing with the rhythms of strong emotion.

The title poem was read at the author's initiation into the Phi Beta Kappa at the College of William and Mary. Two poems included in the volume have won prizes in recent contests of national scope, and many of the others are reprinted from well known periodicals. And it is easy to understand why the author has been successful: she combines lyric rapture and dramatic intensity. Her lines are flooded with emotion, and each poem has a distinct climax, achieved frequently by the use of over-strained phrases, and almost invariably by the exclamation mark. Mrs. Speyer may be said to belong to the exclamatory school of poets.

Like many poets of the ecstatic order, this writer makes liberal use of wings as a symbol, and thus continues a familiar tradition in English poetry. Her poems do, indeed, suggest flights; their fault is that above everything else is heard the frenzied beating of wings. Of frustration she says: "You gave me wings to fly; then took away my sky." Death is to her " . . . flight from off the ultimate bough."

There is in Mrs. Speyer's work an unmistakably feminine quality, a rapturous thrill that is excessively devout, admits of no humor, and impinges on the sentimental. Elizabeth Barrett Browning gave full expression to it in a slightly more classic manner. Mrs. Speyer often succeeds in voicing the cry of her heart, but too often that cry is self-pitying, and its pitch is higher than it should be. Restraint and understatement, twin fountains of strength in poetry, are almost undiscovered to her.

I carry my pack
Of aches and stings,
Light with the lack
Of all good things—

But not on my back,
Because of my wings!

In these concluding verses of one of her most personal lyrics is epitomized her poetic attitude.

GLENN HUGHES.

Recent Fiction

Sorrell and Son, by Warwick Deeping. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT is notable with what self-respecting tenacity the romantic tradition carries on in English fiction. Here are heroes—heroes of the good old-fashioned type, noble with every breath they draw, tried by every ordeal, and triumphing as only your thoroughly hard-boiled hero may triumph. Yet so supremely does the craftsmanship score that they do not bore us, this father and son. Theirs is in the main a sympathetic and appealing story, that holds its own by reason of superior technique. A disabled British soldier, once a captain, is reduced to facing the job of hotel-porter as an alternative to starvation. He accepts it and for his son's sake wins through to better things. Then we follow the son's climb upward to fame. The transition from the point of view of the older Sorrell to that of the younger is made with consummate skill. The narrative wobbles no whit. Indeed it must be said that throughout there is a clear, firm stride, a deft choice of roads, and a particularly vivid assortment of backgrounds. Some of the romantic atmosphere is perhaps a trifle cloying, but the episodic material is beyond doubt highly readable. E. B. H.

Winter Wheat, by Almey St. John Adcock. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

WE have here a realistic presentation of those aspects of English country life which Hardy was fond of treating. The realism, as in Hardy's case, is weighted with fatalistic feeling. But this element in Winter Wheat has not led to the melodrama so often engendered by a mood of fatalism. On the contrary, the love story achieves its tragic effect by reason of its simplicity and naturalness of plot structure. Then, too, there is careful characterization. So the book is, on the whole, a promising, if not a powerful, piece of work. One must withhold from it the latter praise, because the author seems sometimes to grope for rather than to realize effects. M. E. J.

Mantrap, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

MANTRAP, it is to be hoped, is an interim product of Mr. Lewis, to be put on the same shelf with The Innocents and Free Air. Mr. Lewis is not primarily a story-teller. He is an expositor who uses narrative form. To follow an individual through his experiences as one would follow a force in nature is not his

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gift nor his interest. So far in his career his stories, if they have any power, serve not merely as stories, but more as vehicles. Life for him is not inherent in John Smith or even in Babbitt; it is the force that surrounds the man. So this tale of Ralph Prescott in the northern wilds is a tale of highly artificial people against a carefully pictured back-drop. Even at this, however, it is far more truthful and convincing than the conventional novel of the He-man and the Open Spaces. P. H. B.

Hill-Billy, by Rose Wilder Lane. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

THIS book is prefaced by a singularly skilful thrust into the genealogical past of its chief character. We have him in essence, this Abimelech Noah Baird, before he even saunters across the first page—descendant of Raleigh's first colony, product of pioneering days, when men struggled by ox-team into Tennessee, and westward to permanence among the Ozark hills—where the first horse appeared only just before the Civil War! Superb material is here, and a dialect that is handled masterly-wise. The hill-people over against the town-people—the inevitable feuds are played up with more than usual plausibility and with flashes of dramatic interpretation of the time-honored customs of the mountaineers. It is regrettable that the author has chosen to hang this precious stuff upon a thin and hackneyed love story. All the charm and strength of this book lie outside its plot. E. B. H.

The Silver Stallion, by James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert McBride Company. $2.50.

IN this most recent of The Jurgen Books Mr. Cabell follows the adventures of the elder generation in Poictesme—members of the order of the Silver Stallion which Dom Manuel founded before he passed from earth and became an heroic legend. His followers fulfill their several destinies according to the best Cabellian tradition of lusty satire and rakish fantasy, with perhaps a thought more variety in incident, and provokingly occasional flights of genuine creative imagery. The lapse of two years or more in the chronicles of What Jurgen Did permits one to regain a zest which might be flattened by continuous indulgence in such highly-seasoned fare. For purest savoring The Silver Stallion should be read immediately after a novel or two by Archibald Marshall. D. B. W.

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